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A SLEEPING-CAR ON THE PARIS-LYONS-MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 605.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CONTENTS, NO. 2010.

A SLEEPING-CAR ON THE PARIS, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway.
EDITORIALS.
BROOKLYN'S BIG BICYCLE PARADE. Illustrated.
THE OPENING OF THE HARLEM River Ship-Canal. Illustrated.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
KIEL CANAL CELEBRATION. Illustrated.
CARTOON. Intemperance and Commerce do not Assimilate. Thomas Nast.
THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK: the Italian Colony, Mulberry Bend. Ill'd. W. Bengough.
EVASION OF GERM DISEASES.
THE LAST STETSON. Illustrated. John Fox, Jun.
THE HARVARD-YALE UNIVERSITY Boat-Race. Illustrated.
AN APPEAL AND A PROMISE. Poem. J. K. Bangs.
UNION COLLEGE. Illustrated.
AS BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED. Story. Part II. Ill'd. Frank Frankfort Moore.
THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin.
THE BOARD OF POLICE COMMISsioners of New York. Ill'd.
AMATEUR SPORT. The Cornell, Columbia, and Univ. of Penn. Boat-Race. Illustrated. Etc.

THE STATE OF THE SOUND-MONEY CAMPAIGN.

THE two conventions recently held at Memphis, Tennessee—the Southern Sound-Money Convention, and, following it, the convention of persons favoring free silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1—fairly represented in the character of the men composing them the character of the movements in which they are respectively engaged. The Sound-Money Convention was composed of the leading bankers and business men of Southern cities, who, taking a business view of the subject, discussed it with knowledge, soberness, and an anxious appreciation of the disastrous consequences which a deterioration of our monetary system would inevitably bring on. The Free-Silver Convention was attended and led by politicians who had already distinguished themselves by taking a leading part in the free-coinage movement, and there were among its members a considerable number of men representing the agricultural population of the West and South. The politicians who did the speaking and the platform-making appealed mainly to the dishonest impulses of the so-called "debtor class," and promised that the "rehabilitation of silver" would cure all the economic distress now prevailing.

The general impression produced by the two conventions is that the free-silver movement is by no means all-powerful in the South and West; that, on the contrary, a large majority of Southern business men who think intelligently on such subjects are as strongly opposed to it as are the business men of the North and East; and that they are not afraid to show their colors, but will make an open and determined fight against it. This is, indeed, a great gain for the sound-money cause; but when the more sanguine among its friends rush to the conclusion not only that the silver movement has passed the point of its greatest strength, and will steadily decline, but that the danger is virtually over, we cannot refrain from addressing to them a word of caution. The danger is by no means over. It can be averted but to accomplish this will require much well directed energy.

As the two Memphis conventions have demonstrated, the sound-money movement has the advantage in point of intelligence. But the elements of strength on the side of the silver men must not be underestimated. It was the combination of the politician with the comparatively ignorant country people that made the paper money inflation movement so formidable twenty years ago. And the free-coinage politicians of to-day are fully as active, as unscrupulous in the perversion of facts, and as reckless in appealing to prejudice and dishonesty, as the inflation politicians were then. Neither are the country people less accessible to their wiles. On the contrary, since that period they have, in their "Granges," in their "Farmers' Alliances," and by the teachings of their Populist demagogues, been so thoroughly indoctrinated with the most extravagant notions as to the power and the duty of the government to protect them against the evil consequences of bad crops, low prices, and other inconveniences, and as to the innate wickedness of bankers, and of corporations, and of money-lenders, and of "gold-bugs," that the wildest schemes of monetary policy have for them the greatest charm, and that they receive every argument coming from the business centres or from men interested in financial science with especial distrust. Moreover, there is behind the free-coinage movement a strong and well-organized money power, which the greenback inflation movement lacked—the silver-miners, to whom free coinage is a matter of dollars and cents, and who carry on the agitation as a regular business venture.

This combination, which thought itself to be in undisputed possession of the field in the South and West, has indeed received a serious check by the unexpected demonstration of strength on the other side; but this very experience will no doubt stimulate it to more desperate activity in agitation and more careful political manœuvring. Some time ago it looked as if the principal managers of the free-coinage movement were determined upon nominating a Presidential ticket of their own, and would probably obtain the consent of their following to that plan. But the attempt to obtain the consent of the Memphis silver convention to it failed; the leading Democratic free-coinage men preferred to remain Democrats in good standing, and to do everything in their power towards making the Democratic party as such a free-coinage party. According to Senator HARRIS, of Tennessee, the "National Bimetallic League" is to be organized for the very purpose of controlling Democratic primaries all over the country, and of thus securing the election of free-coinage men to the next Democratic National Convention. That this scheme will fail in the Eastern States is more than probable; but unless attacked everywhere as vigorously as in Kentucky, it may still succeed in putting into the Democratic Convention a free-coinage force from the South and West not strong enough, indeed, to bring about the adoption of a straight free-coinage platform and the nomination of professed free-coinage candidates, but strong enough to induce concessions to the silver element, leaving the future in doubt.

On the Republican side the impression seems to be gaining ground among leading politicians, and especially among aspirants to the nomination for the Presidency, that it will be safest to pronounce against free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 without an international agreement. Mr. MCKINLEY is said to have expressed himself to that effect, and Mr. HARRISON is credited with an article in his home organ taking the same position. But these declarations are so halting and timid as not to preclude compromises in the name of bimetallism, or of "the more extensive use of silver as money," as vicious as those by which the Republicans in former years endeavored to hold the silver States, and which have wrought so much mischief. Thus, the attitude of the free-coinage men being that of persons having votes which they wish to be bid for, the danger of the situation still consists in the fact that the cowardice of managing politicians, without distinction of party, is always inclined to make such bids at the expense of the public interest. We must therefore repeat what we have said before in these columns, that the sound-money men, in order to neutralize this danger, should not only carry forward their work of popular education, but take a posture making the political parties understand that it is most important to bid for the sound-money sentiment first.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

THE other day a distinguished Republican leader was asked what the issue of 1896 would be, assuming the silver question to be settled before then. He replied that it would be "the difference between the HARRISON and CLEVELAND administrations. Under Mr. CLEVELAND," he continued, "we have felt the severity of hard times. Four years of such an administration would have utterly ruined the country."

It is not true that we have felt the severity of hard times in consequence of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, and it is mere pretence that four years of such an administration "would have utterly ruined the country." While an administration has usually very little influence over the course of business, very little power to cause prosperity or to bring on strenuous times and bankruptcy, the existing state of affairs has been largely influenced by the conduct of politicians, and the hard times under which the country has been suffering, and from which it is just now beginning to revive, have resulted from Congressional follies and from the cowardice of leading candidates. To ignore these causes, and to attribute their direful effects to false causes, is unpatriotic. What a real statesman does under like circumstances is not only to look the facts squarely in the face, but to deal frankly with his fellow-countrymen, to the end that mistakes that have brought ruin in their train may be avoided in the future. When a politician goes about charging a commercial panic to the conduct of a rival politician whom he knows to be not responsible, in order to belittle and wrong him in the eyes of the people, he is not a real statesman, but something very different. Neither Mr. CLEVELAND nor the Democratic party is responsible for the panic of 1893. It is true that Democratic members of Congress cannot escape their share of responsibility, but the primary cause of the panic came from a conjunction of fears and apprehensions due to two acts of Republican legislation. One was the SHERMAN law of 1890, and the other was the extravagance of the Republican Congress. The SHERMAN act weakened confidence in our currency system, while the extravagance of the Congress that enacted laws which increased expenditures for pensions from $87,625,000 in 1889, to $159,358,000 in 1893, greatly augmented the uneasiness. This uneasiness, beginning abroad, spread throughout the whole commercial world, and so affected the imaginations of men in our own country that business stopped, currency went to the swelling of bank reserves instead of to the fulfilment of its proper function, which is the facilitating of exchanges. There were reasons in the conduct of Congress why this state of affairs should have arisen before; but we survived the BLAND-ALLISON law and McKinleyism by reason of the retirement of national bank-notes and of that power of resistance which our wonderful resources give to the country. The reckoning had to come, however, and what Wall Street calls the "liquidation" began before Mr. CLEVELAND became President. Indeed, the calamity that finally overtook the country was generally foreseen before Mr. HARRISON retired, while the gold reserve was actually encroached upon by Secretary FOSTER, who kept the $100,000,000 good by borrowing from the banks.

Since their return to power in the legislative branch of the government, the Democrats have been quite as extravagant as the Republicans were in 1889 and 1890, and the delay in the passage of the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act was largely due to the brutish obstinacy of Democratic silver Senators. But the hard times are departing. Business is reviving. There are indications satisfactory to those who make a study of the money market and of the movements of trade that the recovery from the depression is real. The iron trade, supposed to be the barometer of prosperity, leads the movement, and general business, including manufacturing and foreign commerce, follows. And this is in the middle of Mr. CLEVELAND'S term. It is as idle and nonsensical to attribute the return of prosperity to the Republican Congress that has not met as it was to charge the Democratic Congress of 1893, which had not assembled in the spring of that year, with the business depression that was then upon the country. It has been said that an important cause of the panic was the WILSON tariff act, the evil effects of which were supposed to have been felt before the first bill was framed by the Committee on Ways and Means. But this cannot be true, for the wages of working-men have been advanced in many of the manufacturing establishments which are affected by this law. There is before us, as we write, a list of such establishments. It includes iron-mills, tube-works, furnaces, cotton-mills, knit-goods mills, woollen-mills, and silk-mills. The wages in these establishments have been increased from five to twenty per cent., and it is estimated that 160,000 workmen have been benefited by the advances. While, however, the Democratic tariff has not brought disaster to the institutions affected by it, it is true that the Democratic party, as an organization, has not done anything to restore confidence to the business community.

Neither party is to be credited with this happy result. If any public man is entitled to the thanks of the country it is Mr. CLEVELAND, concerning whom was uttered the remark quoted at the beginning of this article. He has not only assured the country and the world that he would exert all the power bestowed upon him by the law to maintain the public credit, but he has kept his promise. It is due to his administration that the government met its demand obligations in 1893, and is not now on a silver basis. Instead of ruining the country in four years, he has in two years re-established the gold reserve which he found really invaded when he was inaugurated President, and his vigorous words and no less vigorous efforts have so influenced public men, and so encouraged the friends of sound money, that they are carrying on a campaign that has already checked, if it has not turned, the tide that, in the West and South at least, was running strongly in favor of free silver. At all events, the movement which Mr. CLEVELAND and his Secretary of the Treasury are leading is the only effort made by politicians which promises to save the country from the silver heresy. It is to be hoped that the Republicans can nominate a candidate next year who will do as much as Mr. CLEVELAND has done for the re-

vival of business and the restoration of confidence. Politicians, therefore, had much to do with the panic of 1893, and, Mr. CLEVELAND'S efforts excepted, but very little with the recovery. Republicans and Democrats both were responsible for the panic; but the main responsibility rests with the former, because they were in power in both the executive and legislative departments of the government when the SHERMAN act and the extravagant pension laws were passed. The effort to fix the blame on one party or the other, however, is worse than folly, for the bad legislation from which our evils sprang thus becomes obscured. Public men who know the truth should never fail to teach it. Silver legislation and pension demagogy brought on the panic. That is the fact that should be kept in the public mind. That is the teaching the country needs. And the man who can teach this truth, but who prefers to make partisan capital out of the miseries of his countrymen, is neither a wise statesman nor a broad-minded patriot, whatever else he may be.

THE POLICE COMMISSION.

IN one respect New York has been fortunate in spite of Mr. PLATT'S Legislature. The power to reorganize the police force was denied to Mayor STRONG, and the evil principle of bipartisan control was embodied in a statute to which the Mayor himself, to the surprise of the men to whom he owes his nomination and election, consented. It seemed at one time as though the victory won at the polls, largely in consequence of the LEXOW investigation, was to avail the city nothing. The very evils which had been exposed were to be perpetuated for the benefit of PLATT and CROKER, and their respective "boys." But Mayor STRONG did something to redeem the wrong he had committed, in appointing as police commissioners four men who have thus far conducted themselves and their office as non-partisans. Two of them are Republicans and two are Democrats on national issues, but all four of them seem to be non-partisans in police affairs.

This police commission is teaching the whole country the meaning and importance of a business administration of municipal affairs. It is because the politicians at Albany, who arranged for a bipartisan board, have been thwarted by the men whom Mayor STRONG actually appointed, that New York is learning the advantage of non-partisanship in city business. The politicians expected that the commissioners would at once divide up the spoils between the two parties, and that the arrangement of matters which they had made in spite of the protests of good citizens would enure to the profit of the "heelers" and "strikers." But politics is not considered by the board, and civil service reform controls, precisely as if non-partisanship instead of bipartisanship had triumphed at Albany.

It is too early to point to specific illustrations of improvement accomplished by the police commissioners, as we can contrast Colonel WARING'S clean streets with Tammany's dirty streets, but every sensible citizen of New York knows that the work which Commissioner ROOSEVELT and his associates are doing must result in the greater security of life and property in New York, in the stricter enforcement of the laws, and in the sterner suppression of vice. There is no one outside of the depraved classes—who are mental and moral degenerates, and who therefore do not believe in any one's virtue—who does not know that under the present rule infamy and vice will not be blackmailed, nor the poor and industrious persecuted by the police. And this confidence in the police force, which was impossible so long as any Tammany man remained at its head, is a gain so great that it cannot yet be measured.

For the result so far, and for the hope that from their efforts New York may secure in reality what it once mistakenly boasted of possessing—the finest police force in the world, the city is indebted to the whole commission. To President ROOSEVELT'S intelligent energy, however, it is especially indebted. He has found the public place, of all others, in which he can be most useful. He may be ambitious for Congressional honors, but we can assure him that it is much better for him to remain in New York to suppress vice, than to go to Washington to aid his friend LODGE suppress England in Venezuela. The people of New York ought to congratulate themselves that so much energy and ability as Mr. ROOSEVELT'S are at the head of the police force, and that he is so competently supported by the other three commissioners — Messrs. PARKER, ANDREWS, and GRANT.

THE COST OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

MR. ATKINSON'S paper which was published in the last issue of the WEEKLY is one of the most important contributions yet made to the discussion of the financial condition of the country. To those who read it intelligently it will emphasize the necessity of conducting the struggle against the free-silver movement with renewed energy, and, if possible, a firmer determination to settle the issue at once, and to settle it right.

It is only the possibility that the country will be dragged by the silver men into more expensive currency experiments that troubles the horizon of the Treasury. If our business interests are to be disturbed, if panics are to be invited, if our best currency is to be driven out of circulation, if fiat money is to take the place of the money of the world, and if the greed of silver-mine owners and the folly of Populists are to dominate in the Federal legislature, there is no doubt that the government must look forward to years of trouble. The Treasury, in the event of the triumph of the free-coinage movement, must face penury and bankruptcy. But if, on the other hand, the sound-money sentiment wins the battle in which we are now engaged, the future of the Treasury under the existing rates of taxation is assured. With the income which the government will probably have, we can pay all our expenses, including interest on the public debt and our enormous but diminishing pension list, and in twenty years be out of debt.

It will probably be a revelation to many of the readers of the WEEKLY that what is termed the ordinary expenses of the government are about half of the total public expenditures, the sums paid for interest and pensions being nearly equal to those paid out for the support of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, for the maintenance of the army and navy, for the building of new ships, and for the construction of new fortifications and modern ordnance. The annual ordinary cost of the government for fifteen years has been about $2 50 per capita, and the total expenditure about $4 89 per capita. During this time, if the government had been free of obligation on account of pensions and interest on the public debt, it could have been maintained by the taxes, internal and customs, on liquors and tobacco, which amounted to about $2 59 per capita. The interest on the public debt was more than paid by the tax on sugar, the small internal revenue taxes, and the miscellaneous receipts, while the pension list was more than met by duties on all imports other than liquors and tobacco. Mr. ATKINSON estimates that in the future the ordinary expenditures will continue to amount to about $2 50 per capita, and that the government's receipts from taxes on liquors and tobacco will amount to $2 80 per capita. The receipts from the present sugar tax, small internal taxes, and miscellaneous sources will be about 80 cents, while the interest on the public debt will average about 50 cents. Accounting for a loss on the postal service, there will still be a surplus, which will begin to be realized before the end of the fiscal year 1896. The pensions will be paid from the duties collected on imports other than liquors and tobacco, and half of the balance over the tax for ordinary expenses ($2 50) will be available for the reduction of the public debt.

The tax of $5 per capita, as Mr. ATKINSON shows, is not excessive when compared with taxes paid to European governments. But nearly half of it, small as it is, is made necessary by interest on the public debt and by our pension list. We may be out of debt within less than a generation, paying off not only our war debt, but the burden already imposed upon us by the silver-mine owners, if we trifle no more with our currency. And after that the government can be supported by the present taxes on liquors and tobacco. Even Mr. PEFFER and the Populists ought to lend their energies to the accomplishment of such an object.

A NEW ENGLISH PARTY.

NOT since the Chartist agitation collapsed, nearly fifty years ago, has the Liberal party in England been threatened with a third-party movement which has caused the whips of the Liberal party anything like the uneasiness they are now feeling in connection with the Independent Labor party. This organization has now nineteen candidates in the field at work, in view of the dissolution, and it threatens that every one of them shall go to the poll. It is led by Mr. KEIR HARDIE, already in the House of Commons, as the representative of one of the outlying working-class constituencies of London. The new party holds that the English working-classes must look to themselves for a solution of the problems in which labor is interested, and to this end its speakers, wherever they can get a hearing, urge the working-classes to put themselves outside both the existing political parties, and to aim at holding the balance of power in the constituencies and in the House of Commons.

As a national organization the Independent Labor party has now been in existence for about three years. Summed up briefly, the new party is in politics for national manhood and womanhood suffrage, payment of members of Parliament and of all members of public bodies, and the general democratization of the whole system of municipal and national government. It also demands a legal eight-hours day; the compulsory abolition of overtime and piece-work; the prohibition of the employment of children under fourteen years of age; provision outside the workhouses for the sick, disabled, and aged out of the taxes on unearned incomes; state pensions for all over fifty years of age; free and unsectarian education, primary, secondary, and university; remunerative work for the unemployed; and the substitution of arbitration for war.

These are the planks of the platform upon which the Independent Labor party candidates will stand at the general election. The nineteen candidates who are now in the field are all assigned to industrial constituencies in which but for their presence Liberal and Radical candidates would have good chances of election. Many of the seats to be contested by the party, as in the case of Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S, at Newcastle, have long been held by Liberals, whose return would otherwise be as certain as anything can be in English politics. The Liberal party has now given up any idea of compromise with the Independent Labor men. Their only hope is that the majority of the candidates will not be able to find the sum of two or three hundred pounds which it costs to contest a Parliamentary constituency. From any point of view the new party introduces a great element of uncertainty into the approaching election.

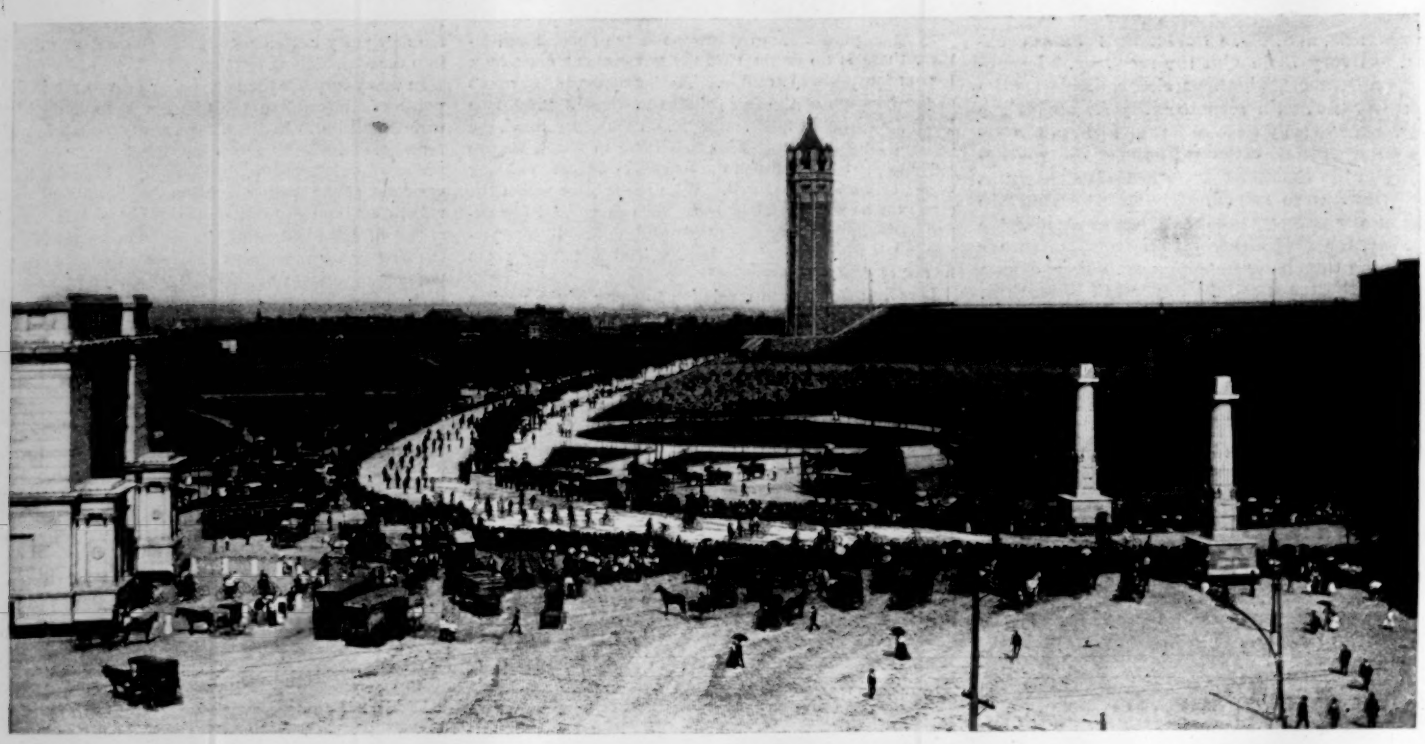
In many respects the new Labor movement in English politics is not unlike the Chartist agitation which disturbed politics in England for twenty years after the reform act of 1832. It grows out of a feeling of distrust of present-day Liberalism, much as the Chartist agitation grew out of the feeling of keen disappointment over the reform act, and distrust of the Whig politicians of the school of Lord MELBOURNE. In one respect, however, the new Labor movement differs significantly from any popular movement of this century either in England or in Ireland. The movement for the first Parliamentary reform bill in its later and popular stages was led by men who were not of the working-classes. Neither CARTWRIGHT, BURDETT, WOLSELEY, nor HUNT, the popular leaders of that exciting epoch, was of the working-classes. It was the same with the repeal movement in Ireland, and also with the Chartist movement. Both these agitations were led, like the movement for home-rule as it originated in the seventies, by men who were not of the populace. In the Independent Labor party all the leaders are now of the working-classes. It draws its electoral and pecuniary support only from the working-people. One or two politically eccentric lawyers have of late associated themselves with the movement, but its Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, its DANIEL O'CONNELL, its BRONTERRE O'BRIEN, or its PARNELL is not forth-coming.

CONCERNING PEDIGREES.

WE live in an age of high breeding; but for us the term has changed, it may be feared very much for the worse, its old and time-honored meaning. The ideas connected with it have descended in the scale of existence from our men and women to our horses and dogs, and in descending they have naturally grown materialized and coarse. We have enough, and more than enough, regard for pedigree now, but it is a kind of regard which we can easily extend to our animals. A horse without a pedigree is but an outcast to-day at the best, and an ox in the same bereaved condition can only be recognized by a stretch of courtesy even in the form of a porterhouse steak. A dog without a grandfather of admitted blood and breeding is a pitiable animal indeed—a mere pariah among dogs; and a cat with less than sixty-four quarterings of noble ancestry is wholly unfit to caterwaul in ears polite. 'Tis but the other day that society was appalled to find that an uncertificated cat had managed to deceive the very elect in matters feline, and obtruded his unauthorized existence with success into a cat show where none but the very genteelest of cats were entitled to admission. The incident was felt to be serious. If it were possible for a mere common cat—an animal born, indeed, with many of the best attributes of cathood, and masquerading in the delusive fur of his betters—thus to creep into good society, and to filch away the prizes reserved for it alone, what was to save society? Who shall be safe if the idea once gains ground that it is the limbs and the claws, the fur and the head, that make the cat? If the merely vulgar things that go to make cats useful, or even to render them beautiful in the eyes of uninitiated mankind, are to take the place of an ancestry which has earned a proud distinction by generations of uselessness, where is the line of feline nobility to be drawn?

There is a note of decay about our *fin de siècle* notions on this, as perhaps on one or two other subjects—a note which sounds strangely discordant with the general tone of our public professions of faith. Time was when, among our ancestors, a cat was a cat for a' that, and his claims were recognized in proportion to his individual merits. It may be feared that the good old conviction that a pedigree was at best but the guinea stamp has nearly gone out, and that the stamp to-day is even a more certain passport to the high places among the feline Four Hundred than the metal itself. The late dreadful incident should warn society of its danger. Here we had a cat—or something that looked so like a cat that it deceived the very judges—which imposed upon the world. It was to a certain extent, perhaps, an imposition promoted by unscrupulous nature, but it was nature largely assisted by art. There was a cat, indeed, but there was also a pedigree. The cat may, to outward appearance, have been unimpeachable, but much more so was the pedigree. To its authority the judges naturally bowed down, for, indeed, it is whispered that for prize-taking purposes better is a pedigree without a cat than a cat without a pedigree.

Yet in this there is surely danger. The processes of nature are more difficult to control than those of art, and it is certainly easier to forge a pedigree than a cat. There is something, besides, about a cat which doesn't equally apply to a pedigree. It is possible, within limits of course, to verify a cat—he is a bold man who will say that as much can be done for a pedigree. In these days of rapid transit and easy travel even foreign cats may take to attending our shows, and foreign pedigrees may be propounded for our recognition. In such a case we may, indeed, hope to form some kind of opinion of the cat himself. The fact that he is a foreign cat may, indeed, prejudice us a little in his favor, but still we can view his shape, we can examine his claws, we can measure and appraise his fur; but who can do as much for his pedigree? Like the late pretender who bore away the proudest laurels of the feline Four Hundred, he too may be accepted, not so much on the strength of his apparent cathood as on the evidence of his delusive pedigree.

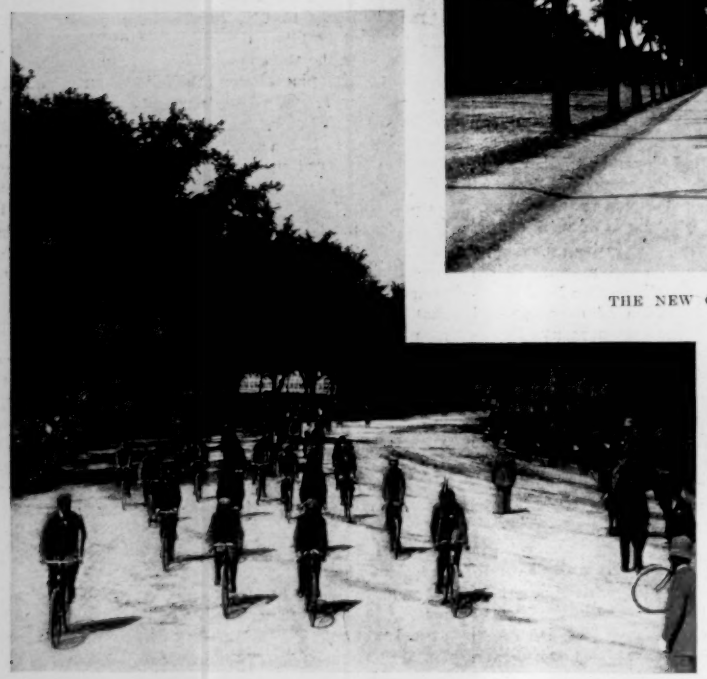


THE PROCESSION ENTERING PROSPECT PARK.

POLICE AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE.

SECTION OF THE BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB.

THE NEW CYCLE PATH.



THE KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN.

THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT WHEELMEN.

THE BIG BICYCLE PARADE IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—From Photographs by George P. Hall & Son.—[See Page 604.]

The United States Cruiser *Cincinnati*.

THE OPENING OF THE HARLEM RIVER SHIP-CANAL, JUNE 17TH—NAVAL PROCESSION ABOUT TO ENTER THE CANAL.—DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 605.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

It seems doubtful whether the symposium, as it has evolved in periodical literature, is all that might have been hoped of such a form; and certainly, as we have it in the Sunday editions of the newspapers, the symposium is distinctly disappointing. The young men, and even the young women, who invite distinguished people to contribute to this feast of reason too often provide a topic unworthy of the guests, and succeed mostly in making them talk banalities unworthy of the topic. Say that the subject under discussion is the question whether the high silk hat ought to go or not, or whether geography can or cannot be thoroughly self-taught in the collection of postage-stamps, or whether the divided skirt for bicycling is more consistent with womanly dignity than the frank and simple knickerbocker, still, there appears to be no very good reason why a distinguished publicist, or a leading surgeon, or a light of temperance reform should not have something to deliver which would not be so far beneath the powers of the average man of fashion, or collector of stamps, or lady-cyclist, as the deliverances of those greater wits usually are. But I have so often famished at barmecide feasts of this kind that I have rather learned to shun the newspaper symposium; and I was all the more surprised the other day when I found myself reading, not only with refreshment but with a certain sense of nutrition, a symposium held in one of the journals to debate the question whether an injured husband should or should not kill the guilty paramours. Perhaps it was because there was here a palpitant question, and not one of those galvanized interests such as are more commonly offered at the like banquets; but, at any rate, I came away from this symposium in the belief that I had been given a great deal of food for reflection. I do not know, by-the-way, how reflection can feed; but that is the affair of the man who made the phrase, and I merely use it to illustrate my point.

I.

The guests assembled at the symposium I am speaking of were Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Frank Leslie, and Mr. Henry Clews; and though I have no means of knowing how or why just these eminent persons were asked to be of one another's company upon the occasion, I find a certain propriety in their meeting, which I fancy was largely accidental, and was probably the final result of a much more widely extended hospitality on the part of the journal holding the symposium. I know how people send excuses in such cases, and go one to his farm and another to his merchandise, rather than appear at the symposium; and I confess that I should have preferred a less select gathering from the highways and byways, for I should like very much to know what plain folks think upon such a matter, if they think anything. But, failing this, I am sensible of a fairly representative quality in the persons who could not recollect a previous engagement, and I have been very much interested in their several minds, as they have expressed them.

The prelate and the divine have much the easiest part, I think. They both plant themselves upon the only principle that is really firm under the feet, and declare that the injured husband must forgive, as every other sort of injured person must forgive the wrongs done him, no matter what. One is struck with the absolute sufficiency of the Christian ethics in this matter, as one is struck with the sufficiency of the Christian economics in others. Forgive that you may be forgiven; lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. It is all so simple, and it is such an easy way out. If you apply any other remedy you get yourself into long embarrassment, or even endless difficulty; you run into the toils of the law in one case; you come upon the question of labor and capital in another.

As I say, the prelate and the divine have far the easiest time, but the business woman who proposes that the injured husband shall use common-sense in the affair, and content himself with being well rid of a bad bargain in his faithless wife, has no very bad time. It is when you come to the casuists, who are willing to grant some sort of reason to the man who makes himself a murderer in punishing an adulterer that you begin to be sorry for them, and ashamed for the atrocious public opinion which is responsible for him.

Mr. Depew, indeed, perceives that the murderer, though he escapes the penalty in such case made and provided, does undergo a measure of punishment: he achieves an unpleasant notoriety; he languishes in jail till he can be legally acquitted; and he is sometimes cast in ruinous costs, and perhaps suffers certain pangs of self-reproach. He thinks it would be better to let both the paramours go, and leave them to "that punishment which will inevitably overtake them both." Yet at the end of the ends, he is quite sure that if he were a juryman in such a case, he would not convict a wronged husband who had killed his wronger, for though it would be better not to kill even in such an instance, "it is above all one of those cases in which a man must be a law unto himself."

Mr. Clews goes further than Mr. Depew. He would spare the guilty woman, but he would by no means spare the guilty man. The eminent railroad president would leave them both to the stings of conscience, but the "millionaire banker," as the giver of the feast qualifies him, holds that the guilty man is "a reptile, who should be crushed out of life as ruthlessly and remorselessly as the most venomous of serpents."

II.

Perhaps these are the reporter's words rather than the banker's; but whosever they are I find them pretty wild and whirling; and I do not find the railroad president's, all of them, much better. I had always supposed that a juryman was bound by his oath to render a verdict according to the facts, but it seems that Mr. Depew would not render a verdict according to the facts in the case of a man who murders the paramour of his wife. In a case like that "every man must be a law to himself." That is, he may transcend the Constitution and the statute, the effect of civilization, and "the long result of time," and legislate, adjudge, and execute a penalty upon the man who has injured him in that sort. In all other sorts of injury he must be subject to the law, but in this sort he may rise sovereign above it. If he chooses he may let his wronger go; if he chooses he may kill him, and Mr. Depew will acquit him, though sworn to find him guilty if shown guilty. It must be, then, that such a murderer has been seized by a madness so sacred, so divine, that it exempts him from human control, and that it is the god strikes through him when he slays his wronger. Such a murderer, by virtue of his wrong, is suddenly endowed with supernatural wisdom, and miraculously fitted to do what is just in the circumstances without possibility of error.

This is what Mr. Depew's words imply, and that is why I venture to call them not much better than wild and whirling. If they were not his, I should go further and call them very deplorable. If they were not his, I should say that they would tend to perpetuate and encourage a kind of murder which is as much murder as any other kind, and which is exempt from punishment only through a survival of feeling from the barbarous ages when a man could avenge any capital wrong done him. In those ages the avenger of blood was empowered to slay the slayer, or the slayer's next of kin, but we have so far outlived this that I do not suppose Mr. Depew would think a man "must be a law unto himself," to the murder of the paramour's brother, or failing him, of his uncle or first cousin. Yet this would be the logic of his words in the barbarous ages when alone they could have logic. In our day, I do not understand that a man may enact, and adjudge, and do murder except in the case of his wife's paramour. Even if he should see another killing his wife, except he killed her murderer in her defence, he must deliver him over to the law; but her betrayal is a thing that at once makes him legislator, judge, and executioner.

In fact, according to Mr. Clews, who ought to have as great reason for respecting the law as Mr. Depew, the wife's paramour "should be crushed out of life," without mercy. It is not only the husband's right to murder him, but it is his duty. This seems so hard upon the husband, who in some cases might wish to go to the Christian extreme of forgiving, or at any rate use his common-sense, and rejoice to be rid of a bad bargain without bloodshed, that I cannot think the "millionaire banker" quite meant it.

I think that he meant to express himself strongly, but not to say that a man ought under certain provocation to do murder.

III.

The only excuse for the injured husband's doing murder, or becoming "a law unto himself," as Mr. Depew's euphemism puts it, is that he is maddened by his injuries. But even this is not a sound excuse, for the seduction of a wife is not the only injury which maddens men, and if a man maddened by his injuries is to be excused in one case, why not in another?

The appearance, in most instances where the injured husband kills "the destroyer of his peace," is that he is not at all maddened out of his self-possession. He goes about his crime with very notable intelligence and deliberation. He steals upon his victim, or lies in wait for him, with entire self-possession; and I have no doubt that he has forecast the chances of his acquittal for his misdeed before he does it. I have no doubt that far oftenest he would never dream of killing the destroyer of his peace if he were not goaded to it by a fear of the shame he must suffer before the community, or thinks he must suffer, unless he murders one of the paramours, or both of them. It is therefore an abominable public opinion which forces him, just as in other times an abominable public opinion would have forced him to kill the slayer of his brother, or in yet other times to fight a duel. We have got rid of the avenger of blood, and we have got rid of the duellist; but the husband maddened by his injuries still remains to the enjoyment of an impunity in murder beyond the privilege of any other homicide.

The theory which his apologists proceed upon is that the "betrayed wife" is always the prey of her paramour. In the words of Mr. Clews, unless the reporter has mislanguaged him, the paramour is supposed to "insinuate himself into a home under the guise of friendship, and with studied, sly, ensnaring arts, alienate the affections and betray the honor of the wife of his friend." But very possibly this is not the way it happens, except in the emotional drama, and in very romantic novels, though it may happen so in real life. It seems probable that the injured husband sometimes knows this quite well, when in the fine frenzy of becoming a law unto himself, and preparing to do his injurer to death. Very likely he would willingly let both paramours go, but the public opinion behind him urges him to do murder in behalf of his sullied honor and the cause of domestic purity. He knows that if either paramour merits murder at his hands, one merits it as much as the other; and that his madness, if it is madness, or the god in him, if it is inspiration, ought to deal equally with them; but in the very ecstasy of his abandon he is obliged to distinguish, out of deference to public opinion, and murder only one of them. He may safely count upon getting off with a slight imprisonment if he murders both, but he knows that he will not have the sympathy of the community so wholly with him in that event.

IV.

I should like to ask the casuists who excuse or justify him, who say some that it is his privilege and some that it is his duty to shed his injurer's blood, why he should be excused or justified for adding murder to adultery? What has been gained for the purity or the peace of the home by this lustration of blood? Has vice been rendered repulsive, as the critics used to say of the stories where virtue was always rewarded?

The moral of the whole affair seems to be that a man may kill the paramour of his wife; but is this a lesson at all profitable to the community? What sort of injured husband is it that commonly avails himself of this privilege, or discharges this duty to society? Is he commonly a good man? Is he ever a good man? The statistics are not at hand, and one hesitates to hazard the conjecture that he is usually a good man, a man of pure life himself, and a friend of the domestic virtues. But if he happens not to be a good man, does he become better by the murder he has done? Or is it that he has sacrificed himself to the general good, and for the sake of civilization has taken a crime upon his soul which no good man could commit without lasting remorse?

V.

Murder is murder, and I myself believe that the murder the State does in punishment of killing is the worst murder of all. So I am always glad when an injured husband gets away after killing one or both of the paramours, since it is a question of his acquittal or his murder in turn by the State. But I cannot help thinking that if he could be imprisoned for life, it would have such a salutary effect upon public opinion that the Executive could safely pardon him out after thirty or forty years. In view of such a wholesome spectacle there would be fewer casuists to declare that each man in a certain case "must be a law unto himself," or that a certain sort of offenders must be "ruthlessly and remorselessly crushed out of life." No man in a free and Christian state may be a law unto himself; but all must be under the law; and no man may be crushed out of life without due process of law. It is bad enough then, and the time may come when even the law will not crush any one out of life.

At present the law does not say that the paramour's guilt is worthy of death. It may be so, but since the law does not say it, the wretch is to live by the common consent of those who can alone make the law say it, and then rightfully put it in force. It will not do for any community calling itself civilized to suffer a citizen to legislate for himself, to find another guilty, to sentence him, and to put him to death. Least of all the members of such a community is he fit to arrogate these sovereign functions to himself who is raging under injury to the point of madness, or who, being wrought upon in the extreme by a sense of disgrace, misthinks that he can wash out his shame in blood.

W. D. Howells.

BROOKLYN'S BIG BICYCLE PARADE.

The opening of the bicycle path from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, to Coney Island on Saturday afternoon, June 15th, was perhaps the most significant event of the season to American wheelmen and wheelwomen. Its significance lay not alone in the fact that this level path to the sea is the first which has been built exclusively for bicyclists in this country, but because its success has been so complete that already New York has provided for a similar path over the old Aqueduct. The popularity of the Brooklyn bicycle path is no doubt largely due to the fact that it leads from one of the most beautiful parks that we have to the best-known sea-side resort on this continent. It is not a perfect path by any means, but for almost its entire length of five and one-half miles it is shaded on either side by fine trees. In making it the builders were forced to use material not of the very best for the purpose. The ground was merely ploughed up, graded, and rolled, and then covered with two and a half inches of crushed limestone, and cost less than one thousand dollars per mile. For a number of years abortive efforts had been made both by individuals and by the Good Roads Association to secure a cycle path along the Ocean Parkway, but it was not until October, 1892, that the Good Roads Association of Brooklyn was formally organized and started to work in good earnest. The association had a hard struggle for existence for two years, but when Mr. Frank Squier became Park Commissioner under Brooklyn's present reform administration, President Angell secured his earnest and unqualified approval of the pathway, and the proper grading and surfacing was begun. As Commissioner Squier had only one thousand dollars at his disposal for this work, it was necessary for the wheelmen to raise the rest, which they did. The path is the first matter which the Good Roads Association has successfully carried through. Recently the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen passed a resolution suggesting to the Park Commissioner that a return path be built on the eastern side of the Boulevard, and it is a question of but a short time before this will be done. When it is completed it will give an almost ideal thoroughfare for wheelmen of about eight miles in length.

On Saturday, June 15th, it was estimated that there were from twenty to thirty thousand people on wheels including visitors, in Brooklyn. The formal opening of the bicycle path was not the only occasion for the bringing together of this great number of bicycle riders. The annual State meet of the League of American Wheelmen was also in progress, and the opening of Mr. Austin Corbin's great bicycle track at Manhattan Beach took place the same afternoon.

The parade was, however, to the great majority, the event of the day. It was scheduled to begin at two o'clock, but long before that time thousands of people had collected at points of vantage, and the Park and the Boulevard were crowded with smart traps of every description, including several Park drags. The weather was perfect, and the cool breeze added to the enjoyment of both riders and spectators. It has been variously estimated that from five to twelve thousand riders took part in the parade; certainly there were not less than six thousand in line. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Luscomb, of the Thirteenth Regiment, one of the best-known cyclists in the country, had been put in charge of the parade, and led it with a military escort of three hundred militiamen in uniform. The formation was in columns of four, and the distance between lines was about ten feet; between clubs twenty-five feet; and between the divisions one hundred feet. In the first two divisions were the regular clubs, and in the third, members of the Good Roads Association, of the League of American Wheelmen, and unattached wheelmen generally. The reviewing-stand near Parkville, about a mile from the beginning of the path, was well filled, and here were Mayor Schieren and most of his cabinet, other city officials, and the three judges of the parade. Shortly before three o'clock the advance-guard passed the reviewing-stand, and then for nearly two hours a continuous stream of wheels went

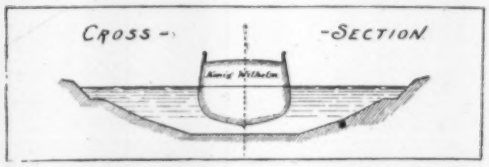
by. Although no fantastic costumes were allowed in the line, the varied uniforms of the thirty or forty clubs participating in the parade relieved the monotony. Many women took part, and, generally speaking, wore proper and becoming costumes, although there were some glaring exceptions. Prizes were awarded to the Brooklyn Bicycle Club for having the most men in line, and for presenting the finest appearance; to the Long Island Wheelmen for being second in numbers; to the Riverside Wheelmen for parading the greatest number of men of any visiting club, and for presenting the finest appearance of any of the visitors. So great was the success of the parade that it is not improbable that something similar to it will be made an annual feature in Brooklyn.

THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE formal opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal from the North Sea to the Baltic was the practical announcement that Germany henceforth is to be one of the great naval powers.

The WEEKLY recently printed an account of the canal itself, its history, its engineering difficulties, and the place it is expected to fill in the maritime world. It was foreseen that the ceremonies incident to the opening would be the most impressive naval spectacle the world ever saw. Fourteen nations were represented in the fleet of war-ships, which numbered more than one hundred. Many of these ships were specimens of the most skilful handicraft in ship-building ever seen. Germany had among its thirty-one vessels the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern;* its modern and powerful battle-ships *Weissemburg, Woerth, Brandenburg, Baden,* and *Wurttemburg;* its triple-screw cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta.* Great Britain had among its vessels its great battle-ships, all finished since 1893, *Royal Sovereign, Empress of India, Resolution,* and *Repulse,* and also its crack cruiser *Blenheim.* Italy sent its monster battle-ships *Re Umberto* and *Sardegna,* and its modern cruisers *Stromboli* and *Etruria.* Russia's vessels included the battle-ship *Alexander II.* and the splendid armored cruiser *Rurik.* France had probably its best-known battle-ship *Hoche,* and its famous triple-screw cruiser *Dupuy de Lôme.* The United States was represented by its unsurpassed *New York,* its wonderful *Columbia,* and the sprightly *San Francisco* and *Marblehead.* Spain had its *Infanta Maria Teresa.* The other nations represented were Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, Netherlands, Denmark, Portugal, Turkey, and Roumania. One German naval officer recently calculated that the cost of the coal alone for this fleet—a fleet three times the size of that which participated in the Columbian naval review in New York Harbor in 1893—would aggregate $30,000 a day, and that the horse-power represented would equal the strength of 4,000,000 men in ships equipped as was Spain's famous Armada.



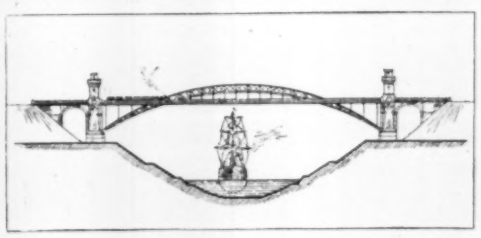
CROSS-SECTION OF THE CANAL.

The Ironclad *Kaiser Wilhelm,* a cross-section of which is shown, draws more water than any other vessel in the German navy.

The celebration proper at the opening of the canal lasted three days. Most of the war-ships rendezvoused at Kiel, near the Baltic end of the canal. A war-ship from nearly every one of the nations represented on the occasion went to Hamburg, where on June 19th the Emperor was received. The city was *en fête.* The Emperor and his staff inspected the harbor and city, and then attended a banquet in the Rathhaus, where the Emperor said:

"The hearts of all nations uplift themselves to us here with a questioning look. They need and desire peace. In peace alone can the world's commerce expand; in peace alone thrive. Peace we shall uphold."

A river spectacle on artificial Alster Island was marred by rain, but later the weather cleared so as to allow a display of fireworks. About midnight the Emperor embarked on his yacht, and passed through the Elbe locks of the canal. A great salute roared across the water as his vessel appeared in the canal. The other ships followed. In the line there were some splendid specimens of the merchant marine. These carried the members of the Reichstag, Bundsrath, Landtag, and other dignitaries. The Duke of York, Duke of Genoa, Grand-Duke Alexis, the naval officers of the United States and other nations, were on small war craft. It was deemed best not to have the larger war-vessels go through the canal on parade in close order. Danger from grounding, owing to the inexperience of pilots, might spoil the demonstration. It might be impossible to dislodge a great ship for several hours. As it was, the parade was delayed several times by the grounding of the ships which did participate in the trip. One of these vessels was the United States cruiser *Marblehead.* The delays were only slight, however, and proceeding at the slow speed of five miles an hour, the first of the flotilla arrived at Kiel at noon the next day, and the assembled war-ships thundered a national salute to the Emperor.



BRIDGE AT GRÜNENTHAL.

Along the banks throughout the night and in the morning the new waterway had been lined by thousands. Military were massed here and there. Kiel, Germany's great naval port, was soon enveloped in the smoke of salutes. All through the canal the American cruiser had been greeted with enthusiasm.

The great day of the celebration was Friday. Thousands upon thousands flocked to Holtenau, the Baltic terminus of the canal, four miles north of Kiel. The Kaiser was to lay the last stone of the construction of the work. There were triumphal arches, mottoes, bunting, and music in profusion. Diplomats, army and navy officers, the nobility and the plain people, were there. The Empress attended the Emperor, who, in laying the key-stone which finished the work where his grandfather, William I., eight years before had marked its beginning, gave this name to the canal:

"In memory of Emperor William the Great, I christen this canal the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal."

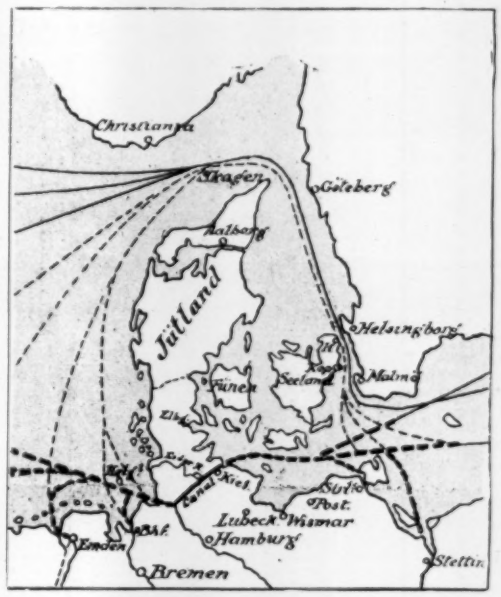
Then the Kaiser tapped the stone thrice, and added:

"In the name of God, in honor of Emperor William I., to the weal of Germany and the welfare of nations."

Then came the great naval review. The war-ships had been drawn up in double columns, four abreast. Down one aisle and up the other the Emperor passed, standing out alone on his imperial yacht. It had been intended at first to have the ships pass in review before him, but the difficulty and danger in manœuvring so great a fleet doubtless caused a change in plans. The Emperor passed through the fleet instead, as did President Cleveland at the New York naval review. No more vivid illustration of the terrific possibilities of modern war-ships was probably ever seen in a time of peace than that afforded by the salutes that boomed as the imperial yacht passed ship after ship.

The day closed with a banquet in a mimic ship of the seventeenth century at Holtenau. The Kaiser again made a characteristic speech, such as he alone makes on martial occasions. It had been a great day for commerce and the world in general, and for Germany and the Emperor in particular. The fêtes continued for several days, but Friday's demonstration was the real culmination of the event.

Noteworthy in the celebration was the friendly feeling shown to the French representatives. France herself was boiling because courtesy required her to participate in the affair, and while the Emperor and the French admiral were exchanging compliments there were mutterings in Paris that could not be controlled.



MAP OF THE CANAL AND THE OLD ROUTES.

To the Americans present, aside from the fact that the opening of the canal marked an advance in the achievements of science and commerce, there was doubtless much satisfaction that, thanks to the enterprise that created a new navy, no nation had war-ships present equal in their class to those which carried the United States flag.

THE LONDON TEMPERANCE CONVENTIONS.

A LARGE delegation of American women were welcomed at the nineteenth annual council of the National British Women's Temperance Association, which opened in the City Temple, London, on Monday, June 17th. They went from all parts of this country, and found representatives from all nations of the earth gathered there to promote the cause of temperance. Lady Henry Somerset presided, and gave her hearers the benefit of the knowledge she had acquired during her recent visit to this country and Canada. Following the meeting of the N.B.W.T.A. came the third biennial convention of the World's W.C.T.U., an international organization having a membership of at least 250,000 women. This was held in the Royal Albert Hall, where the principal demonstration occurred on the evening of June 20th. This edifice is large enough to hold 10,000 people, besides a choir of 900 voices, and the platforms were filled with representatives of temperance and other reform and philanthropic movements from all over the world.

The grand procession, representing the organizations of different nations, in national costume, each marching under its national banner to the music of its national hymn, emphasized and intensified the effect of the addresses. Around the hall was festooned the polyglot petition, which in single column is a mile in length, containing two millions of signatures. It urges the abolishment of traffic in opium and alcohol, and equal rights for all humanity. It is intended that it shall be presented in turn to the governmental authorities of every nation. It has already been presented to President Cleveland, and will be sent to representatives of the British government as the united plea of the women of the world against the evils of intemperance.

Lady Henry Somerset, president of the B.W.T.A., and leader of the temperance women in England, and Frances E. Willard, president of the World's W.C.T.U., and leader of the temperance women in America, were the chief orators of the convention.

Among other delegates were Mrs. Edith Archibald, daughter of Sir Charles Archibald, and president of the organization in Canada; Madame Layah Barakat, of Syria; and representatives from Shanghai, China, South Australia, and nearly every European nation.

Two hundred pulpits and platforms of London were open to women representatives on June 16th, and the sessions of the council and convention also gave opportunity for a presentation of their varied lines of work.

Coincident with these conventions there was introduced by the government into the House of Lords the promised bill dealing with inebriates, the provisions of which are sufficiently drastic to satisfy the warmest advocate of temperance. If the bill is passed, power will be given not only to the High Court of Justice, but to the county courts, to commit a person to the Inebriates' Retreat for a term of from six months to two years upon the application of a relative or friend, supported by evidence. The expression of "habitual drunkard" is to be extended to include any person rendered dangerous through the use not alone of alcohol, but of opium or any other drug.

THE HARLEM SHIP-CANAL.

THE formal opening of the Harlem Ship-Canal on Monday, June 17th, made of old Manhattan Island an island in reality. Vessels of considerable size may sail around the lower half of New York, as the city now exists. This canal adds nearly fifteen miles of water-front, the real source of New York's commercial supremacy, to the city's equipment, makes a safe and easy passageway from the East River to the Hudson, gives increased business advantages to the "annexed district," and marks the partial completion of a work which the late General John Newton, famous for his skill at Hell Gate in improving navigation, planned originally, and which Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Gillespie, of the engineering corps of the army, has carried out.

The canal runs a curving course of about a mile from the Hudson to the Harlem. Spuyten Duyvil Creek formerly connected the two rivers. It was found impracticable to deepen the creek for its entire length, because of its winding course and rocky bottom, and so a cut of 1000 feet through Marble Hill, at Kingsbridge, was made to shorten and straighten the passageway. A canal was then dug through the meadow-land from the cut to the Harlem.

Congress authorized the construction of the canal on June 23, 1884. Its cost was to be $2,700,000. It was to be 400 feet wide, with twenty-one feet of water at high tide and sixteen at low tide. About $900,000 has been spent of the appropriations thus far for the work, and $200,000 is still available. It will require, however, $1,700,000 to complete the work as planned originally. The money spent has been used in making a shallow channel which is fifteen feet deep at high water and nine feet deep at low water. In the marble cut, however, the full depth of the channel was made, so that future work in deepening the canal may be confined to dredging chiefly.

Coming from the Hudson the canal follows the line of the Spuyten Duyvil Creek to the Marble Hill cut, then flows through the meadow-land, and finally passes into the Harlem, in which a channel had to be dredged. The Harlem now takes on the dignity of a commercial waterway, instead of remaining a pleasure course for boatmen. Although tugs of moderate size and small steam craft may use it even at low water, until it is dug to its full depth it will be used largely for canal-boat navigation.

The opening of the canal was made the occasion of one of those land and water parades which have been such a success in recent years. More than one hundred vessels of various kinds were in the procession that passed through the canal, as well as the barges of several of the Harlem's boat clubs, rowed by their stalwart members. There were many dignitaries on the boats, including Mayor Strong, of New York, and the mayors of half a dozen other cities, and General Miles and his staff. The cruiser *Cincinnati* was stationed in the Hudson River to start the parade through the canal by a salute of twenty-one guns, and the cruiser *Atlanta* was stationed in the East River off Oak Point to welcome the vessels and mark the end of the parade by land and by water.

On the land the parade went up through Harlem, over the Madison Avenue Bridge, and so over to Oak Point. The procession was led by five hundred regular-army soldiers, and contained many floats and exhibits. In the evening there was an elaborate display of fire-works.

A SLEEPING-CAR ON THE PARIS-LYONS-MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.

EACH car contains four compartments, that at each end being ordinary first class, without sleeping or toilet accommodations. The two central compartments each have accommodation for three passengers, have a toilet-room between them, and are connected by a passageway. The toilet-room opens on to the passageway, and a door at each end of the latter furnishes a means for closing communication between it and either compartment if desired. The seats are nicely upholstered, and arranged side by side across the car. The back is high, reaching almost to the roof, and by pulling out on a handle near the top it can be turned down into a horizontal position, which movement adjusts a good spring-bed, having a mattress and pillow. The remainder of the bedding must be furnished by the passenger. The customary charge, in addition to the first-class fare, for this accommodation, is eight or nine dollars per night. Heat is supplied by galvanized iron cans or tanks, oval in shape, about four by six inches and from two to three feet long, filled with hot water, which are shoved under the beds and changed at intervals during the night. The cars are all lighted by Pintsch gas.

INTEMPERANCE AND COMMERCE DO NOT ASSIMILATE.—[See Page 605.]

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK—THE ITALIAN COLONY, MULBERRY BEND.—Drawn by W. Bengough.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE MULBERRY BEND ITALIAN COLONY.

BY W. BENGOUGH.

The most picturesque, squalid, dilapidated, thoroughly interesting, and lively New York colony is that of the Italians in that part of Mulberry Street where it makes a slight bend out of its southerly course. This is such an extremely hopeless locality from a sanitary stand-point that the city long since decided to tear it all down and make a park of the site. This purpose was long delayed for mysterious political reasons, but now that Tammany has been dethroned, it is at last being carried out. Sunny Italy is at a disadvantage in Mulberry Street, especially from the rear tenements, which are crowded and twisted into almost every foot of ground, leaving such tiny alleys and yards that even on the brightest summer days the sun rarely penetrates through the narrow spaces between the buildings, rendered still narrower by the balconies, and lines of clothes which flap from every floor. So Italy lives out on the street as much as possible, both in summer and winter, for there, at least in the middle of the day, are sun and light and sky and air, though of doubtful quality. What stories these old colonial houses could tell of the generations which have come and gone since the day when through their graceful doorways the proud housewife entered for the first time! It is not difficult to imagine how these doors, with their dainty columns, were kept polished, and how the whole place showed the loving care of the prosperous householders. But now around those doors are gathered the swarming, unlucky, unwashed foreigners, each one adding something more to the general air of dilapidation and to the crust of grime which gives a dusky tone to all Mulberry things. In these old houses, which were never planned for tenements, it was almost impossible for the poor people to keep neat and clean. The rents were high for the accommodation, generally from seven dollars a month for two or three small rooms up to thirteen dollars; the water was usually carried up and the refuse carried down flight after flight of dingy stairs. The average family in these undesirable quarters is five, and it is added to indefinitely by boarders, sometimes increasing the number to ten within a space where privacy and wholesome moral surroundings are impossible. The city pays its staff of health inspectors to compel, as far as possible, the attention to the rules of health, but under such hopeless conditions it was impossible to effect any permanent good. The landlords have the law so greatly in their favor that the rents were promptly paid or the tenant promptly dispossessed. And these properties paid enormous interest in some cases. One instance was brought to public notice where an eight-hundred-dollar tenement paid a yearly income of six hundred dollars. There have been a few philanthropic people who have been satisfied with a legal interest on their investment who have built model tenements with good results, but these are great exceptions.

But to those environments the people have brought their inborn feeling for the picturesque, and while there is very little that is beautiful in the luxurious sense of the word, there is a richness of life and motion and human interest on the street that is certainly enjoyable, and the life has its compensations and social pleasures which would not be possible in a less crowded district. Here the drama of life is played in all its phases, so that all may come and see; here is the companionship in misfortune which lightens the burdens; for these are simple, honest, light-hearted people, and not at all the bloodthirsty set that the occasional fight with knives would seem to indicate. Among no class of poor people will be found more gentleness and love of family and friends. I have seen the whole street join in an impromptu welcome on the arrival of an express load of their newly landed countrymen, that would go very far toward quieting the homesick longings of the strangers. On every hand are sociability and kindliness, and on their saints' days and holidays the whole street opens its heart, and the Italian spirit has its fling. The American and Italian flags fly side by side, bunting and Chinese lanterns string across from house to house, the native finery is brought out from its hiding place, and the street becomes a blaze of color and life; the reds call aloud to the greens and purples; orange combats with blues so raw and fetching that you almost lose your breath. There is one grand spasmodic effort to throw off the sombre surroundings, and then the street is overcome again by the hard prosaic fight for bread, and relapses into the squalid process of denationalization which is going on forever; the peddler returns to his bananas and roasted chestnuts, and the street assumes its customary aspect, lined with push-carts and wagons, on which are exposed for sale every possible movable article, from clothing to ice and coal. Along the shop fronts the stands are filled with eatables dear to the Italian stomach—olives, beans, macaroni, cheese, and great queer loaves of bread—spread out in inviting freshness, or being mauled and fingered by so many grimy thumbs that they lose their fresh allurement.

Stoops are filled by smoking and gesticulating groups of idle men, who have been all too numerous this last hard year or two. In summer comes the inevitable ice-cream man and his stand of sliced watermelon; while in the cold weather the portable pails of glowing coals, or the bonfires which the barefooted hordes of wild children build in the middle of the street, furnish a warmth to the atmosphere which is their best substitute for the balmy southern air of Italy. There are many bankers along the street, whose business is that of loaning money, and selling tickets back to Italy both to those who having become discouraged by hard times are returning with all their possessions in a canvas bag, and those who having amassed a competence are going back to live in idleness.

THE EVASION OF GERM DISEASES.

It has long been known that impure water is a source of infection with the germs of disease, and that milk may have similar evil potency. Cheese, in virtue of the alleged deadly tyrotoxicon that it sometimes develops, is in the same category, and recently it is said to convey the germs of diphtheria. Butter, presumably the most wholesome of fats, has been tested and found wanting, because a large proportion of the samples tested contained the bacilli of tuberculosis. Beef and pork are likely to contain the germs of tape-worms and trichinæ respectively, besides harboring no end of bacteria if not absolutely fresh, and an assortment of deadly ptomaines when canned. Nearly all the manufactured foods and food products have been found by the Ohio food commission to contain adulterations of uneatable débris or more or less poisonous chemicals. Latterly the oyster has been accused of conveying typhoid-fever germs. And now, to complete the overthrow of tottering confidence, science has assailed the staff of life, asserting that bread, after undergoing the ordinary process of cooking, contains living bacteria, which may as well as not be of disease-producing species.

Of course this picture of disease lurking everywhere in search of victims has another side. Water may be boiled and milk sterilized, with the result of killing any germs they contain. Thorough cooking will effectually destroy the eggs of parasitic organisms, if present. Properly canned meats do not contain ptomaines, and there are such things—though unquestionably they are anomalous—as pure manufactured foods. Moreover, the very authorities who show us that bread as ordinarily cooked contains bacteria, demonstrate that proper cooking will kill these bacteria. As yet no one has suggested a way in which the possible poisons of cheese and the germs in butter may be effectually got rid of. But, after all, these are only two out of a long list of eatables, and these might be omitted from the dietary of any one who is especially afflicted with pathophobia. The most timid person, therefore, it has been supposed, might with safety continue to indulge himself in a sufficiency of nourishment, provided he devoted most of his time to insuring proper preparation of the nourishment.

But even as we rested secure in this conviction, experiments were under way that were destined to shake our confidence yet more severely. For now it is reported that inoculation with the dead bodies of bacteria, so treated that hitherto they had been supposed quite harmless, may produce a disease closely similar to that produced by the bacteria while living. So, if these experiments are to be trusted, it appears that in boiling the water and sterilizing the milk, and cooking the meats and bread, we are pinning our faith to chimeras; for the dead bodies of our foes are still there, and still full of menace.

What, then, is to be done? Apparently starvation is the only remedy against the introduction of germs *eâ* the food; and even that heroic measure would avail little, since many germs float in the air and are inhaled, or are blown against our bodies by the winds. Whatever measures we resort to we cannot possibly evade these subtle enemies. Myriads of them lurk in our mouths and under our finger-nails, and, in short, wherever such particles of matter could possibly find lodgement.

But the hopeful features of the matter are these: In the first place, only a small minority of the hosts of bacteria have any harmful influence over the body; and, in the second place, even the virulent ones, as a rule, are harmless to the perfectly healthy body. This is true even of some of the most dangerous, such as the diphtheria germ, which, according to the best authority (Dr. Jacobi), can seldom or never develop on a healthy mucous membrane. While this immunity of the healthy organism is of course not absolute as regards all disease-producing germs, it is of enormous importance everywhere.

The moral is plain. We cannot by any possibility evade the germs, but we can to a very large extent bid them defiance by giving attention to those simple rules of hygiene that promote bodily health. Reasonable care in the selection of food is to be counselled, as a matter of course. But the real safeguard against disease is to be found, not so much in fanatical attempts to exclude germs, as in rational efforts to make the body proof against them.

THE LAST STETSON.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

I.

AMIDSUMMER freshet was running over old Gabe Bunch's water-wheel into the Cumberland. Inside the mill Steve Marcum lay in one dark corner with a slouched hat over his face. The boy Isom was emptying a sack of corn into the hopper. Old Gabe was speaking his mind.

Always the miller had been a man of peace; and there was one time when he thought the old Stetson-Lewallen feud was done. That was when Rome Stetson, the last but one of his name, and "Jass" Lewallen, the last but one of his, put their guns down and fought with bare fists on a high ledge above old Gabe's mill one morning at daybreak. The man who was beaten was to leave the mountains; the other was to stay at home and have peace. Steve Marcum, a Stetson, heard the sworn terms and saw the fight. Jasper was fairly whipped; and when Rome let him get up he proved treacherous and ran for his gun. Rome ran too, but stumbled and fell. Jasper whirled with his Winchester and was about to kill Rome where he lay, when a bullet came from somewhere and dropped him back to the ledge again. Both Steve Marcum and Rome Stetson said they had not fired the shot; neither would say who had. Some thought one man was lying, some thought the other was, and Jasper's death lay between the two. State troops came then, under the Governor's order, from the Bluegrass, and Rome had to drift down the river one night in old Gabe's canoe and on out of the mountains for good. Martha Lewallen, who, though Jasper's sister, and the last of the name, loved and believed Rome, went with him. Marcums and Braytons who had taken sides in the fight hid in the bushes around Hazlan, or climbed over into Virginia. A railroad started up the Cumberland. "Furriners" came in to buy wild lands and get out timber. Civilization began to press over the mountains and down on Hazlan, as it had pressed in on Breathitt, the seat of another feud, in another county. In Breathitt the feud was long past, and with good reason old Gabe thought that it was done in Hazlan.

But that autumn a panic started over from England. It stopped the railroad far down the Cumberland; it sent the "furriners" home, and drove civilization back. Marcums and Braytons came in from hiding, and drifted one by one to the old fighting-ground. In time they took up the old quarrel, and with Steve Marcum and Steve Brayton as leaders, the old Stetson-Lewallen feud went on, though but one soul was left in the mountains of either name. That was Isom, a pale little fellow whom Rome had left in old Gabe's care; and he, though a Stetson and a half-brother to Rome, was not counted, because he was only a boy and a foundling, and because his ways were queer.

There was no open rupture, no organized division—that might happen no more. The mischief was individual now, and ambushing was more common. Certain men were looking for each other, and it was a question of "drawin' quick 'n' shootin' quick" when the two met by accident, or of getting the advantage "from the bresh."

In time Steve Marcum had come face to face with old Steve Brayton in Hazlan, and the two Steves, as they were known, drew promptly. Marcum was in the dust when the smoke cleared away; and now, after three months in bed, he was just out again. He had come down to the mill to see Isom. This was the miller's first chance for remonstrance, and, as usual, he began to lay it down that every man who had taken a human life must sooner or later pay for it with his own. It was an old story to Isom, and, with a shake of impatience, he turned out the door of the mill, and left old Gabe droning on under his dusty hat to Steve, who, being heavy with moonshine, dropped asleep.

Outside the sun was warm, the flood was calling from the dam, and the boy's petulance was gone at once. For a moment he stood on the rude platform watching the tide; then he let one bare foot into the water, and, with a shiver of delight, dropped from the boards. In a moment his clothes were on the ground behind a laurel thicket, and his slim white body was flashing like a faun through the reeds and bushes up stream. A hundred yards away the creek made a great loop about a wet thicket of pine and rhododendron, and he turned across the bushy neck. Creeping through the gnarled bodies of rhododendron, he dropped suddenly behind the pine, and lay flat in the black earth. Ten yards through the dusk before him was the half-bent figure of a man letting an old army haversack slip from one shoulder; and Isom watched him hide it with a rifle under a bush, and go noiselessly on towards the road. It was Crump, Eli Crump, who had been a spy for the Lewallens in the old feud, and who was spying now for old Steve Brayton. It was the second time Isom had seen him lurking about, and the boy's impulse was to hurry back to the mill. But it was still peace, and without his gun Crump was not dangerous; so Isom rose and ran on, and, splashing into the angry little stream, shot away like a roll of birch bark through the tawny crest of a big wave. He had done the feat a hundred times; he knew every rock and eddy in flood-time, and he floated through them and slipped like an eel into the mill-pond. Old Gabe was waiting for him.

"Whut ye mean, boy," he said, sharply, "reskin' the fever an' ager this way? No wonder folks thinks ye air half crazy. Git inter them clothes now 'n' come in hyar. You'll ketch yer death o' cold swimmin' this way atter a fresh."

The boy was shivering when he took his seat at the funnel, but he did not mind that; some day he meant to swim over that dam. Steve still lay motionless in the corner near him, and Isom lifted the slouched hat and began tickling his lips with a straw. Steve was beyond the point of tickling, and Isom dropped the hat back and turned to tell the miller what he had seen in the thicket. The dim interior darkened just then, and Crump stood in the door. Old Gabe stared hard at him without a word of welcome, but Crump shuffled to a chair unasked, and sat like a toad astride it, with his knees close up under his arms, and his wizened face in his hands. Meeting Isom's angry glance, he shifted his own uneasily.

"Seed the new preacher comin' 'long to-day?" he asked. Drawing one dirty finger across his forehead, "Got a long scar 'cross hyar."

The miller shook his head.

"Well, he's a-comin'. I've been waitin' fer him up the road, but I reckon I got to git 'cross the river purty soon now."

Crump had been living over in Breathitt since the old feud. He had been "convicted" over there by Sherd Raines, a preacher from the Jellico Hills, and he had grown pious. Indeed, he had been trailing after Raines from place to place, and he was following the circuit-rider now to the scene of his own deviltry—Hazlan.

"Reckon you folks don't know I got the cirkit-rider to come over hyar, do ye?" he went on. "Ef he can't preach! Well, I'd tell a man! He kin jus' draw the heart out'n a holler log! He 'convicted' me fust night, over thar in Breathitt. He come up thar, ye know, to stop the feud, he said; 'n' thar was laughin' from one eend o' Breathitt to t'other; but thar was the whoppinest crowd thar I ever see when he did come. The meetin'-house wasn't big enough to hold 'em, so he goes out on the aidge o' town, 'n' climbs on to a stump. He hed a woman with him from the settlemints—she's a-waitin' at Hazlan fer him now—'n' she had a cur'us little box, 'n' he put her 'n' the box on a big rock, 'n' started in a callin' 'em his bretherin' 'n' sisteren, 'n' folks seed mighty soon thet he meant it, too. He's always mighty easylike, tell he gits to the blood-penalty."

At the word, Crump's listeners paid sudden heed. Old Gabe's knife stopped short in the heart of the stick he was whittling; the boy looked sharply up from the running meal into Crump's face and sat still.

"Well, he jes prayed to the Almighty as though he was a-talkin' to him face to face, 'n' then the woman put her hands on that box, 'n' the sweetes' sound anybody thar ever heerd come outen it. Then she got to singin'. Hit wusn't nuthin' anybody thar'd ever heerd; but some o' the women-folks was a snifflin' 'fore she got through. He pitched right into the feud, as he calls hit, 'n' the sin o' sheddin' human blood, I tell ye; 'n' 'twixt him 'n' the soldiers I reckon thar won't be no more fightin' in Breathitt. He says, 'n' he always says it mighty loud"—Crump raised his own voice—"thet the man as kills his feller-critter hev some day got ter give up his own blood, sartin 'n' *shore*."

It was old Gabe's pet theory, and he was nodding approval. The boy's parted lips shook with a spasm of fear, and were as quickly shut tight with suspicion. Steve raised his head as though he too had heard the voice, and looked stupidly about him.

"I tol' him," Crump went on, "thet things was already a-gittin' kind o' frolicsome round hyar agin; thet the Marcums 'n' Braytons was a-takin' up the ole war, 'n' would be a-plunkin' one 'nother every time they got together, 'n' a-gittin' the whole country in fear 'n' tremblin'—now thet Steve Marcum had come back."

Steve began to scowl, and a vixenish smile hovered at Isom's lips.

OLD DADDY MARCUM.

"He knows mighty well—fer I tol' him—thet thar hain't a wuss man in all these mountains than thet very Steve—" The name ended in a gasp, and the wizened gossip was caught by the throat and tossed, chair and all, into a corner of the mill.

"None o' that, Steve!" called the miller, sternly. "Not hyar! Don't hurt him now!"

Crump's face stiffened with such terror that Steve broke into a laugh.

"Well, ye air a skeery critter!" he said, contemptuously. "I hain't goin' to hurt him, Uncl' Gabe, but he must be a plumb idgit, a-talkin' 'bout folks to thar face, 'n' him so puny an' spindlin'! You git!"

Crump picked himself up trembling—"Don't ye ever let me see ye on this side o' the river agin, now"—and shuffled out, giving Marcum one look of fear and unearthly hate.

"Convicted!" snorted Steve. "I heerd ole Steve Brayton had hired him to layway me, 'n' I swar I believe hit's so."

"Well, he won't hev to give him more'n a chaw o' tobaccer now," said Gabe. "He'll come purty near doin' hit hisself, I reckon, ef he gits the chance."

"Well, he kin git the chance ef I gits my leetle account settled with ole Steve Brayton fust. 'Pears like that old hog ain't satisfied shootin' me hisself." Stretching his arms with a yawn, Steve winked at Isom and moved to the door. The boy followed him outside.

"We're goin' fer ole Brayton about the dark o' the next moon, boy," he said. "He's sort o' s'picious now, 'n' we'll give him a leetle time to git tame. I'll have a bran'-new Winchester fer ye, Isom. Hit ull be like ole times agin, when Rome was hyar. Whut's the matter, boy?" he asked, suddenly. Isom looked unresponsive, listless.

"Air ye gittin' sick agin?"

"Well, I hain't feelin' much peert, Steve."

"Take keer o' yourself, boy. Don't git sick *now*. We'll have to watch Eli Crump purty close. I don't know why I hain't killed thet spyin' skunk long ago, 'ceptin' I never had a shore an' sartin reason fer doin' it."

Isom started to speak then and stopped. He would learn more first; and he let Steve go on home unwarned.

The two kept silence after Marcum was gone. Isom turned away from old Gabe, and stretched himself out on the platform. He looked troubled. The miller, too, was worried.

"Jus' a hole in the groun'," he said, half to himself; "that's whut we're all comin' to! 'Pears like we mought help one 'nother to keep out'n hit, 'stid o' holpin' 'em in."

Brown shadows were interlacing out in the mill-pond, where old Gabe's eyes were intent. A current of cool air had started down the creek to the river. A katydid began to chant. Twilight was coming, and the miller rose.

"Hit's a comfort to know *you* won't be mixed up in all this devilment," he said; and then, as though he had found more light in the gloom: "Hit's a comfort to know the new rider air shorely a-preachin' the right doctrine, 'n' I want ye to go hear him. Blood fer blood—life fer a life! Your grandad shot ole Tom Lewallen in Hazlan. Ole Jack Lewallen shot him from the bresh. Tom Stetson killed ole Jack; ole Jass killed Tom, 'n' so hit comes down, fer back as I can ricollect. I hev *nuver* knowed hit to fail." The lad had risen on one elbow. His face was pale and uneasy, and he averted it when the miller turned in the door.

"You'd better stay hyar, son, 'n' finish up the grist. Hit won't take long. Hev ye got victuals fer yer supper?"

Isom nodded, without looking around, and when old Gabe was gone he rose nervously and dropped helplessly back to the floor.

"'Pears like old Gabe knows I killed Jass," he breathed, sullenly. "'Pears like all of 'em knows hit, 'n' air jus' a-tormentin' me."

Nobody dreamed that the boy and his old gun had ended that fight on the cliff; and without knowing it, old Gabe kept the lad in constant torture with his talk of the blood-penalty. But Isom got used to it in time, for he had shot to save his brother's life. Steve Marcum treated him thereafter as an equal. Steve's friends, too, changed in manner towards him because Steve had. And now, just when he had reached the point of wondering whether, after all, there might not be one thing that old Gabe did not know, Crump had come along with the miller's story, which he had got from still another, a circuit-rider, who must know the truth. The fact gave him trouble.

"Mebbe hit's goin' to happen when I goes with Steve atter ole Brayton," he mumbled, and he sat thinking the matter over, until a rattle and a whir inside the mill told him that the hopper was empty. He arose to fill it, and coming out again, he heard hoof-beats on the dirt road. A stranger rode around the rhododendrons and shouted to him, asking the distance to Hazlan. He took off his hat, when Isom answered, to wipe the dust and perspiration from his face, and the boy saw a white scar across his forehead. A little awe-stricken, the lad walked towards him.

"Air you the new rider whut's goin' to preach up to Hazlan?" he asked.

Raines smiled at the solemnity of the little fellow. "Yes," he said, kindly. "Won't you come up and hear me?"

"Yes, sir," he said, and his lips parted as though he wanted to say something else, but Raines did not notice.

"I wished I had axed him," he said, watching the preacher ride away. "Uncle Gabe knows might' nigh ever'thing, 'n' he says so. Crump said the rider said so; but Crump might 'a' been lyin'. He 'most al'ays is. I wished I had axed *him*."

Mechanically the lad walked along the mill-race, which was made of hewn boards and hollow logs. In every crevice grass hung in thick bunches to the ground or tipped wiry blades over the running water. Tightening a prop where some silvery jet was getting too large, he lifted the tail-gate a trifle and lay down again on the platform near the old wheel. Out in the mill-pond the water would break now and then into ripples about some unwary moth, and the white belly of a fish would flash from the surface. It was the only sharp accent on the air. The chant of the katydids had become a chorus, and the hush of darkness was settling over the steady flow of water and the low drone of the millstones.

"I hain't afeerd," he kept saying to himself. "I hain't afeerd o' nothin' nor no*body*;" but he lay brooding until his head throbbed, until darkness filled the narrow gorge,

and the strip of dark blue up through the trees was pointed with faint stars. He was troubled when he rose, and climbed on Rome's horse and rode homeward—so troubled that he turned finally and started back in a gallop for Hazlan.

It was almost as Crump had said. There was no church in Hazlan, and, as in Breathitt, the people had to follow Raines outside the town, and he preached from the roadside. The rider's Master never had a tabernacle more simple: overhead the stars and a low moon; close about, the trees still and heavy with summer; a pine torch over his head like a yellow plume; two tallow dips hung to a beech on one side, and flicking to the other the shadows of the people who sat under them. A few Marcums and Braytons were there, one faction shadowed on Raines's right, one on his left. Between them the rider stood straight, and prayed as though talking with some one among the stars. Behind him the voice of the woman at her tiny organ rose among the leaves. And then he spoke as he had prayed; and from the first they listened like children, while in their own homely speech he went on to tell them, just as he would have told children, a story that some of them had never heard before. "Forgive your enemies as He had forgiven his," that was his plea. Marcums and Braytons began to press in from the darkness on each side, forgetting each other as the rest of the people forgot them. And when the story was quite done, Raines stood a full minute without a word. No one was prepared for what followed. Abruptly his voice rose sternly —"Thou shalt not kill"; and then Satan took shape under the torch. The man was transformed, swaying half crouched before them. The long black hair fell across the white scar, and picture after picture came from his tongue with such vividness that a low wail started through the audience, and women sobbed in their bonnets. It was penalty for bloodshed—not in this world: penalty eternal in the next; and one slight figure under the dips turned suddenly aside into the darkness.

It was Isom; and no soul possessed of devils was ever more torn than this, when he splashed through Troubled Fork and rode away that night. Half a mile on he tried to keep his eyes on his horse's neck, anywhere except on one high gray rock to which they were raised against his will—the peak under which he had killed young Jasper. There it was staring into the moon, but watching him as he fled through the woods, shuddering at shadows, dodging branches that caught at him as he passed, and on in a run, until he drew rein and slipped from his saddle at the friendly old mill. There was no terror for him there. There every bush was a friend; every beech trunk a sentinel on guard for him in shining armor.

It was the old struggle that he was starting through that night—the old fight of humanity from savage to Christian; and the lad fought it until, with the birth of his wavering soul, the premonitions of the first dawn came on. The patches of moonlight shifted, paling. The beech columns mottled slowly with gray and brown. A ruddy streak was cleaving the east like a slow sword of fire. The chill air began to pulse and the mists to stir. Moisture had gathered on the boy's sleeve. His horse was stamping uneasily, and the lad rose stiffly, his face gray but calm, and started home. At old Gabe's gate he turned in his saddle to look where, under the last sinking star, was once the home of his old enemies. Farther down, under the crest, was old Steve Brayton, alive, and at that moment perhaps asleep.

"Forgive your enemies;" that was the rider's plea. Forgive old Steve, who had mocked him, had driven Rome from the mountains, had threatened old Gabe's life, and had shot Steve Marcum almost to death! The lad drew breath quickly, and standing in his stirrups, stretched out his fist, and let it drop, slowly.

II.

Old Gabe was just starting out when Isom reached the cabin, and the old man thought the boy had been at the mill all night. Isom slept through the day, and spoke hardly a word when the miller came home, though the latter had much to say of Raines, the two Steves, and of the trouble possible. He gave some excuse for not going with old Gabe the next day, and instead went into the woods alone.

Late in the middle of the afternoon he reached the mill. Old Gabe sat smoking outside the door, and Isom stretched himself out on the platform close to the water, shading his eyes from the rich sunlight with one ragged sleeve.

"Uncl' Gabe," he said, suddenly, "s'posin' Steve Brayton was to step out'n the bushes thar some mawnin' 'n' pull down his Winchester on ye, would ye say, 'Lawd, fergive him, fer he don't know whut he do'?"

Old Gabe had told him once about a Stetson and a Lewallen who were heard half a mile away praying while they fought each other to death with Winchesters. There was no use "prayin' an' shootin'," the miller declared. There was but one way for them to escape damnation; that was to throw down their guns and make friends. But the miller had forgotten, and his mood that morning was whimsical.

"Well, I mought, Isom," he said, "ef I didn't happen to have a gun handy."

The humor was lost on Isom. His chin was moving up and down, and his face was serious. That was just it. He could forgive Jass—Jass was dead; he could forgive Crump, if he caught him in no devilment; old Brayton even—after Steve's revenge was done. But now— The boy rose, shaking his head.

"Uncl' Gabe," he said, with sudden passion, "whut ye reckon Rome's a-doin'?"

The miller looked a little petulant. "Don't ye git tired axin' me thet question, Isom? Rome's a-scratchin' right peert fer a livin', I reckon, fer hisself 'n' Marthy. Yes, 'n' mebbe fer a young 'un too by this time. Ef ye air honin' fer Rome, why don't ye rack out 'n' go to him? Lawd knows I'd hate ter see ye go, but I tol' Rome I'd let ye whenever ye got ready, 'n' so I will."

Isom had no answer, and old Gabe was puzzled. It was always this way. The boy longed for Rome, the miller could see. He spoke of him sometimes with tears, and sometimes he seemed to be on the point of going to him, but he shrank inexplicably when the time for leaving came.

Isom started into the mill now without a word, as usual. Old Gabe noticed that his feet were unsteady, and with quick remorse began to question him.

"Kinder puny, hain't ye, Isom?"

"Well, I hain't feelin' much peert."

"Hit was mighty keerless," old Gabe said, with kindly reproach, "swimmin' the crick atter a fresh."

"Hit wasn't the swimmin'," he protested, dropping weakly at the threshold. "Hit was settin' out 'n the woods. I was in Hazlan t'other night, Uncl' Gabe, to hear the new rider."

The miller looked around with quick interest. "I've been skeered afore by riders a-tellin' 'bout the torments o' hell, but I never heerd nothin' like his tellin' 'bout the Lord. He said the Lord was jes as pore as anybody thar, and lived jes as rough; thet he made fences and barns 'n' ox-yokes 'n' sech like, an' he couldn' write his own name when he started out to save the worl'; an' when he come to the p'int whar His enemies tuk hol' of Him, the rider jes crossed his fingers up over his head 'n' axed us if we didn't know how it hurt to run a splinter into a feller's hand when he's loggin', or a thorn into yer foot when ye're goin' barefooted.

"Hit jes made me sick, Uncl' Gabe, hearin' him tell how they stretched Him out on a cross o' wood, when He'd come down fer nothin' but to save 'em, 'n' stuck a spear

SHERD RAINES, THE PREACHER

big as a co'n-knife into His side, 'n' give Him vinegar, 'n' let Him hang thar 'n' die, with His own mammy a-standin' down on the groun' a-cryin' 'n' watchin' Him. Some folks thar never heerd sech afore. The women was a-rockin', 'n' ole Granny Day axed right out ef thet tuk place a long time ago; 'n' the rider said, 'Yes, a long time ago, mos' two thousand years.' Granny was a-cryin', 'n' she said, sorter soft, 'Stranger, let's hope that hit hain't so'; 'n' the rider says, 'But hit air so; 'n' He fergive 'em *while they was doin' it*.' Thet's whut got me, Uncl' Gabe, 'n' when the woman got to singin', somethin' kinder broke loose hyar"—Isom passed his hand over his thin chest—"'n' I couldn't git breath. I was mos' afeerd to ride home. I jes layed at the mill studyin', till I thought my head would bust. I reckon hit was the Sperit a-workin' me. Looks like I was mos' convicted, Uncl' Gabe." His voice trembled, and he stopped. "Crump *was* a-lyin'," he cried, suddenly. "But hit's wuss, Uncl' Gabe; hit's wuss! You say a life fer a life in *this* worl'; the rider says hit's in the *next*, 'n' I'm mis'ble, Uncl' Gabe. Ef Rome—I wish Rome was here," he cried, helplessly. "I don't know whut to do."

The miller rose and limped within the mill, and ran one hand through the shifting corn. He stood in the doorway, looking long and perplexedly towards Hazlan; he finally saw, he thought, just what the lad's trouble was. He could give him some comfort, and he got his chair and dragged it out to the door across the platform, and sat down in silence.

"Isom," he said at last, "the Sperit air shorely a-workin' ye, 'n' I'm glad of it. But ye mus'n't worry about the penalty a-fallin' on Rome. Steve Marcum killed Jass—he can't fool me—'n' I've told Steve he's got thet penalty to pay ef he gits up this trouble. I'm glad the Sperit's a-workin' ye, but ye mus'n't worry 'bout Rome."

Isom rose suddenly on one elbow, and with a moan lay back and crossed his arms over his face.

Old Gabe turned and left him.

"Get up, Isom." It was the miller's voice again, an hour later. "You better go home now. Ride the hoss, boy," he added, kindly.

Isom rose, and old Gabe helped him mount, and stood at the door. The horse started, but the boy pulled him to a standstill again.

"I want to ax ye jes one thing more, Uncl' Gabe," he said, slowly. "S'posin' Steve had a-killed Jass to keep him from killin' Rome, hev he got to be damned fer it jes the same? Hev he got to give up eternal life anyways? Hain't thar no way out'n it—no way?"

There was need for close distinction now.

"Ef Steve shot Jass," said Gabe, "jes to save Rome's life—he had the right to shoot him. Thar hain't no doubt 'bout that. The law says so. But," there was a judicial pause—"I've heerd Steve say that he hated Jass wuss 'n anybody on earth, 'cept old Brayton; 'n' ef he wus glad o' the chance o' killin' him, why—the Lord air merciful, Isom; the Bible air true, 'n' hit says an 'eye fer an eye 'n' a tooth fer a tooth,' 'n' I never knowed hit to fail—but the Lord air merciful. Ef Steve would only jes repent, 'n' ef, 'stid o' fightin' the Lord by takin' human life, he'd fight fer Him by savin' it, I reckon the Lord would fergive him. Fer ef ye lose yer life fer Him, He do say you'll find it agin somewhar—sometime."

Old Gabe did not see the sullen despair that came into the boy's tense face. The subtlety of the answer had taken the old man back to the days when he was magistrate, and his eyes were half closed. Isom rode away without a word. From the dark of the mill old Gabe turned to look after him again.

"I'm afeerd he's a-gittin' feverish agin. Hit looks like he's convicted; but"—he knew the wavering nature of the boy—"I don't know—I don't know."

Going home an hour later, the old man saw several mountaineers climbing the path toward Steve Marcum's cabin; it meant the brewing of mischief; and when he stopped at his own gate, he saw at the bend of the road a figure creep from the bushes on one side into the bushes on the other.

It looked like Crump.

III.

It was Crump, and fifty yards behind him was Isom, slipping through the brush after him—Isom's evil spirit—old Gabe, Raines, "conviction," blood-penalty, forgotten, all lost in the passion of a chase which has no parallel, when the game is man.

Straight up the ravine Crump went along a path which led to Steve Marcum's cabin. There was a clump of rhododendron at the head of the ravine, and near Steve's cabin. About this hour Marcum would be chopping wood for supper, or sitting out in his porch in easy range from the thicket. Crump's plan was plain; he was about his revenge early, and Isom was exultant.

"Oh no, Eli, you won't git Steve this time. Oh naw!"

The bushes were soon so thick that he could no longer follow Crump by sight, and every few yards he had to stop to listen, and then steal on like a mountain-cat towards the leaves rustling ahead of him. Half-way up the ravine Crump turned to the right and stopped. Puzzled, Isom pushed so close that the spy, standing irresolute on the edge of the path, whirled around. The boy sank to his face, and in a moment footsteps started and grew faint; Crump had darted across the path, and was running through the undergrowth up the spur. Isom rose and hurried after him; and when, panting hard, he reached the top, the spy's skulking figure was sliding from Steve's house and towards the Breathitt road; and with a hot, puzzled face, the boy went down after it.

On a little knob just over a sudden turn in the road Crump stopped, and looking sharply about him, laid his gun down. Just in front of him were two rocks, waist-high, with a crevice between them. Drawing a long knife from his pocket, he climbed upon them, and began to cut carefully away the spreading top of a bush that grew on the other side. Isom crawled down toward him like a lizard, from tree to tree. A moment later the spy was filling up the crevice with stones, and Isom knew what he was about; he was making a "blind" to waylay Steve, who, the boy knew, was going to Breathitt by that road the next Sunday. How did Crump know that? How did he know everything? The crevice filled, Crump cut branches and stuck them between the rocks. Then he pushed his rifle through the twigs, and taking aim several times, withdrew it. When he turned away at last and started down to the road, he looked back once more, and Isom saw him grinning. Almost chuckling in answer, the lad slipped around the knob to the road the other way, and Crump threw up his gun with a gasp of fright when a figure rose out of the dusk before him.

"Hol' on, Eli!" said Isom, easily. "Don't git skeered! Hit's nobody but me. Whar ye been?"

Crump laughed, so quick was he disarmed of suspicion. "Jes up the river a piece to see Aunt Sally Day. She's a fust cousin o' mine by marriage."

Isom's right hand was slipping back as if to rest on his hip. "D'you say you'd been 'convicted,' Eli?"

Crump's answer was chantlike. "Yes, Lawd, reckon I have."

"Goin' to stop all o' yer lyin', air ye." Isom went on, in the same tone, and Crump twitched as though struck suddenly from behind, "an' stealin' 'n' *lay-waytin'?*"

"Look a-hyar, boy—" he began, roughly, and mumbling a threat, started on.

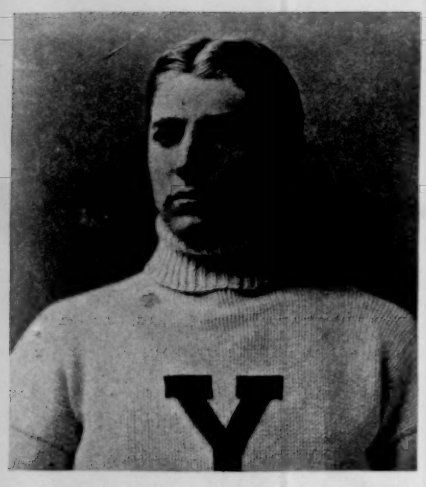
"Uh, Eli!" Even then the easy voice fooled him again, and he turned. Isom had a big revolver on a line with his breast. "Drap yer gun!" he said, tremulously.

Crump tried to laugh, but his guilty face turned gray. "Take keer, boy," he gasped; "yer gun's cocked. Take keer, I tell ye!"

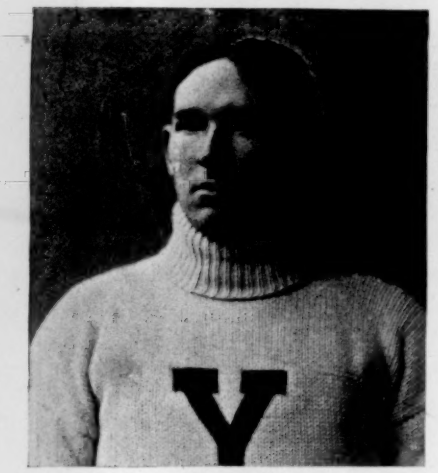
"Drap it, damn ye!" Isom called, in sudden fury, "'n' git clean away from it!" Crump backed, and Isom came forward and stood with one foot on the fallen Winchester.

"I seed ye, Eli. Been makin' a blind for Steve, hev ye? Goin' to shoot him in the back, too, air ye? You're ketched at last, Eli. You've done a heap o' devilment. You're gittin' wuss all the time. You oughter be dead, 'n' now—"

(Continued on page 612.)



H. C. HOLCOMBE, '96.—No. 2.
Age, 22 Years. Weight, 177 Pounds.

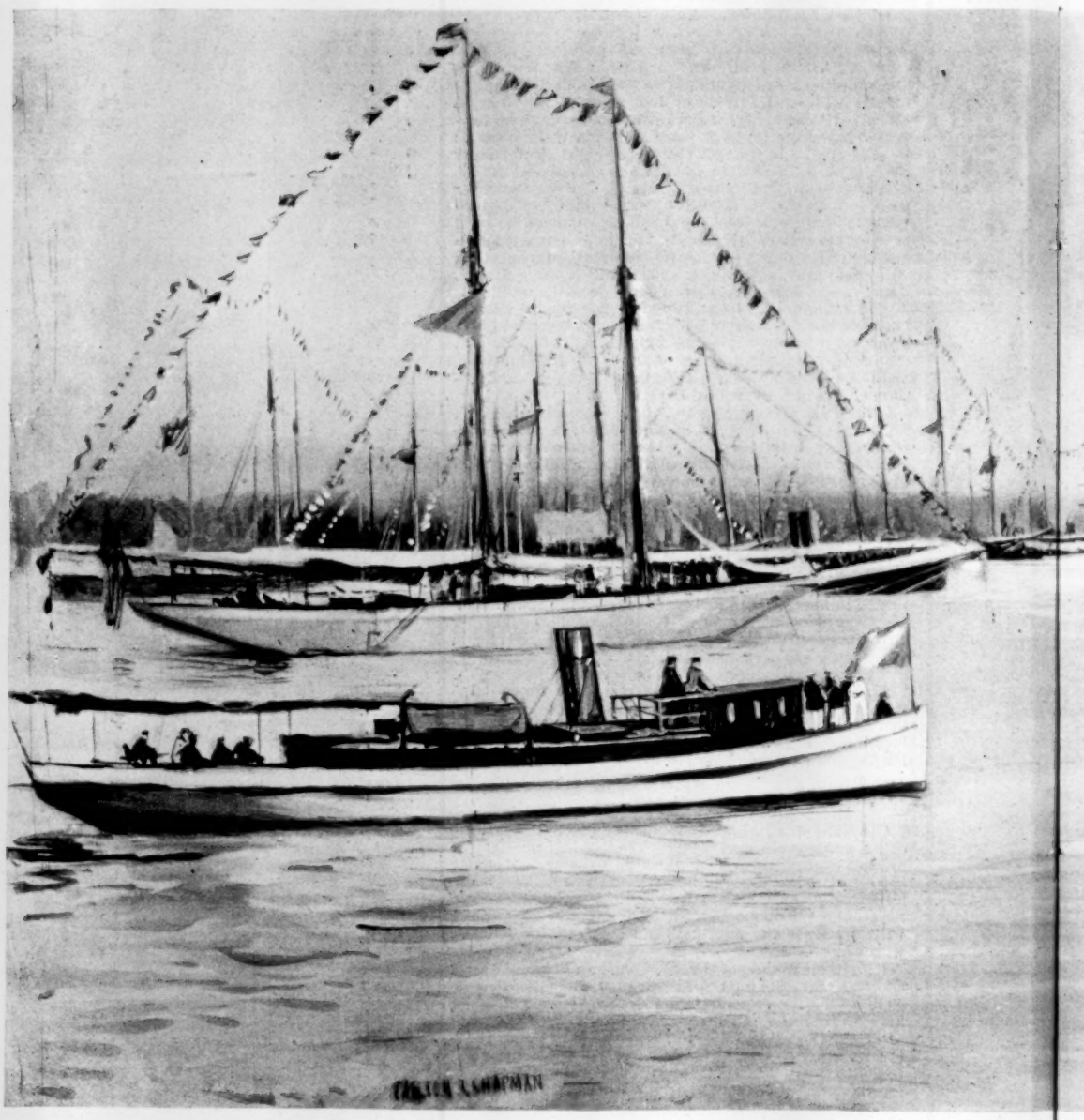


W. M. BEARD, '96.—No. 3.
Age, 19 Years. Weight, 177 Pounds.

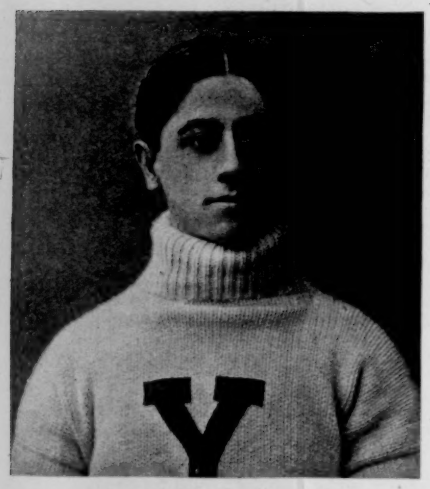
W. R. CROSS, '96.—No. 4.
Age, 20 Years. Weight, 193 Pounds.

A. W. DATER, '9
Age, 22 Years. Weight,

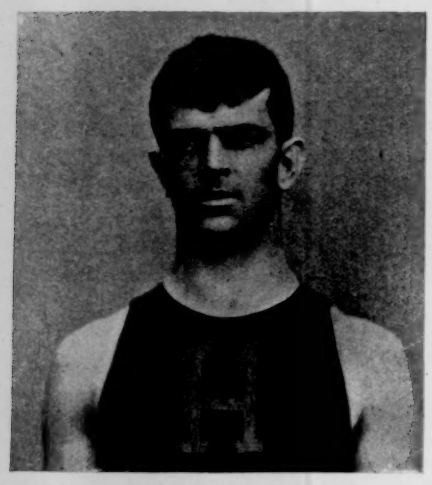
A. ARMSTRONG, '95 (CAPTAIN).—Bow.
Age, 21 Years. Weight, 158 Pounds.



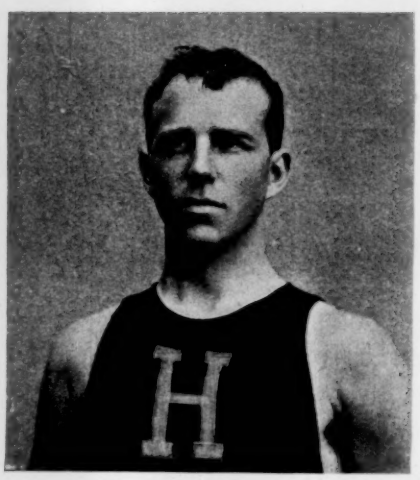
THE THAMES COURSE, LOOKING NORTH FROM TH



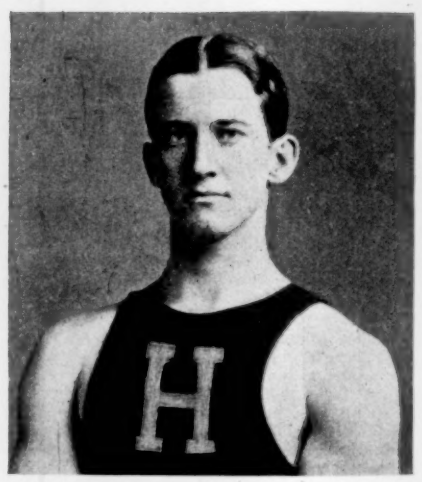
T. CLARKE, '97.—Cockswain.
Age, 20 Years. Weight, 107 Pounds.



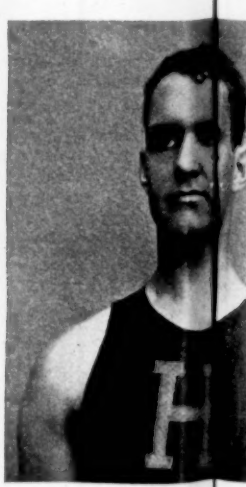
EDGAR WRIGHTINGTON, '97.—Bow.
Age, 20 Years. Weight, 168 Pounds.



J. A. STILLMAN, '96.—No. 2.
Age, 20 Years. Weight, 167 Pounds.



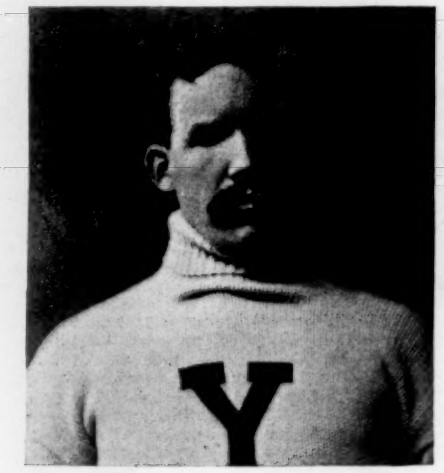
K. H. LEWIS, '96.—No. 3.
Age, 21 Years. Weight, 168 Pounds.



L. D. SHEPARD, '96.—
Age, 22 Years. Weight, 170

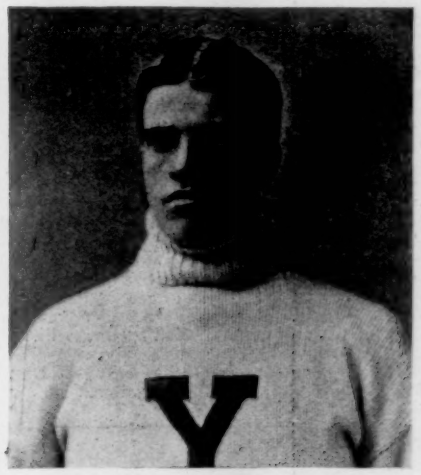
THE HARVARD-YALE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE ON THE THAMES RIVER, NEW

ATER, '95.—No. 5.
Weight, 184 Pounds.

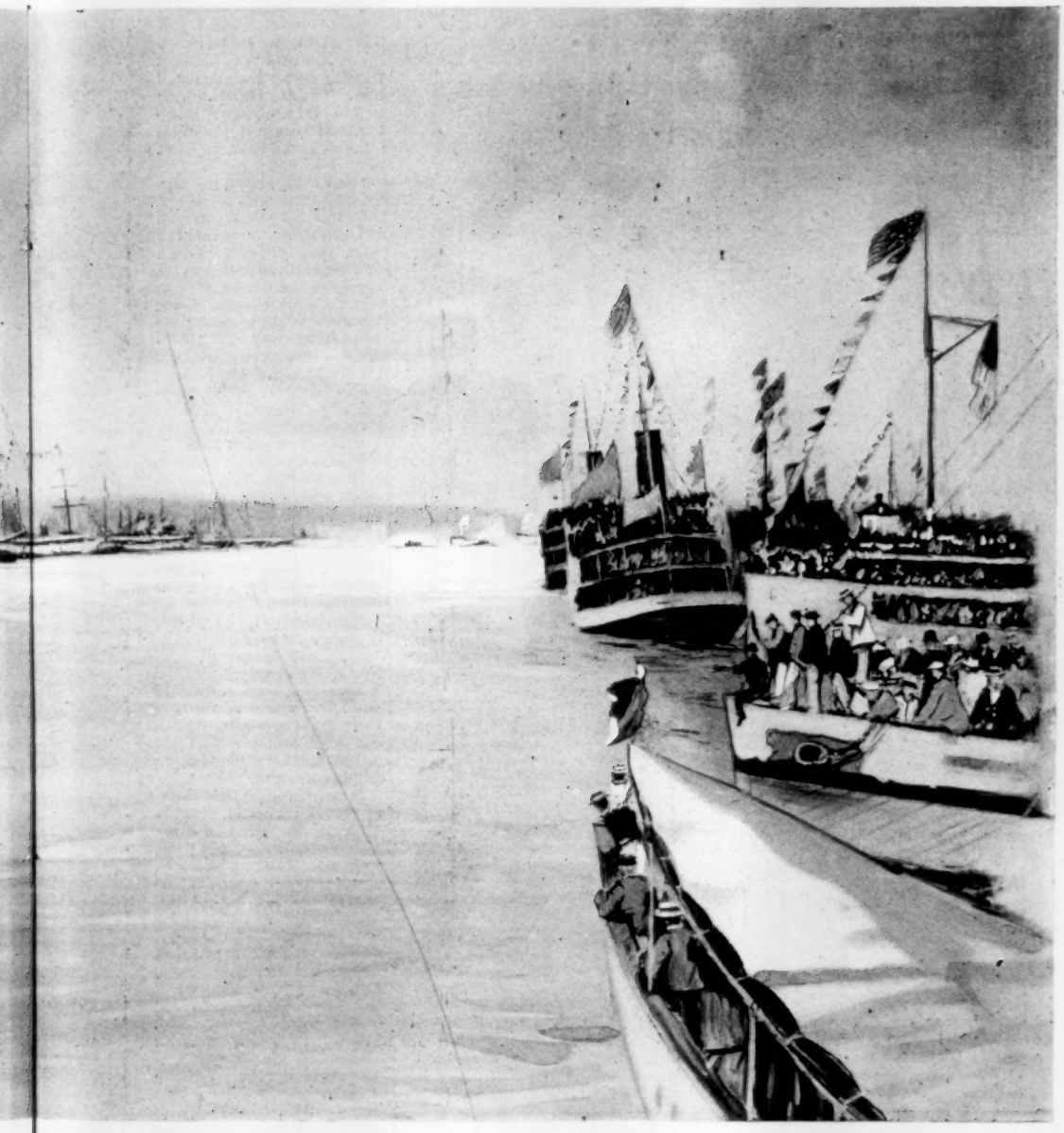


J. McC. LONGACRE, '95.—No. 6.
Age, 21 Years. Weight, 181 Pounds.

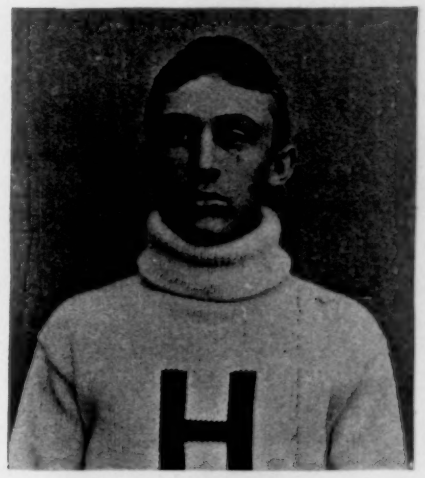
R. B. TREADWAY, '96.—No. 7.
Age, 21 Years. Weight, 178 Pounds.



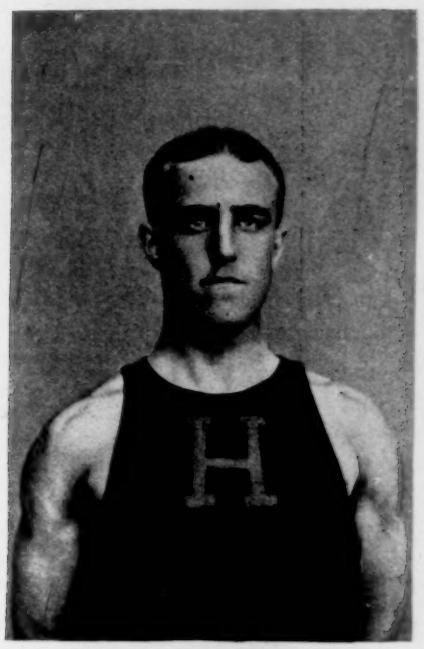
GEORGE LANGFORD, '97 S.—Stroke.
Age, 19 Years. Weight, 168 Pounds.



FROM THE FINISH—WAITING FOR THE CREWS.

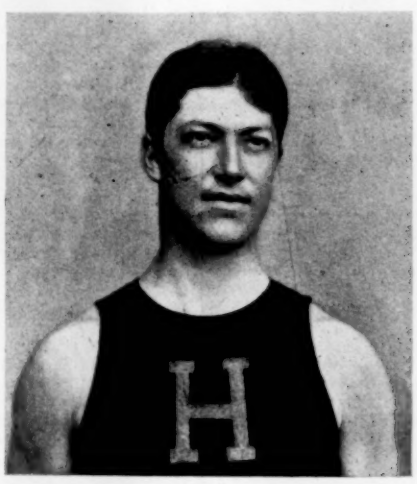


P. D. RUST, '98.—Cockswain.
Age, 19 Years. Weight, 106 Pounds.

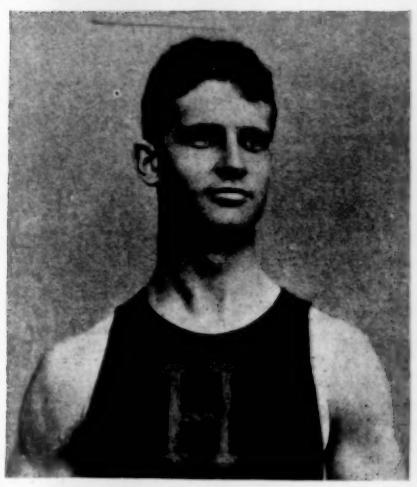


J. R. BULLARD, '96 (CAPTAIN).—Stroke.
Age, 21 Years. Weight, 164 Pounds.

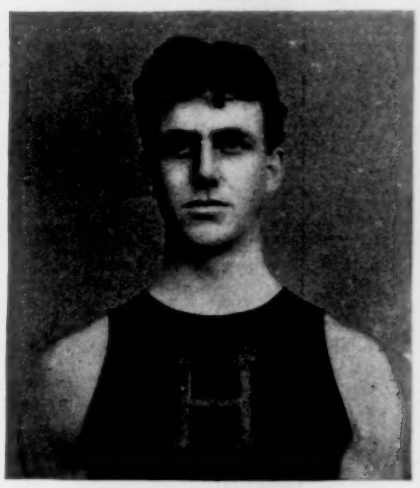
EPARD, '96.—No. 4.
Weight, 170 Pounds.



S. HOLLISTER, '97.—No. 5.
Age, 21 Years. Weight, 176 Pounds.



F. N. WATRISS, L.S.—No. 6.
Age, 24 Years. Weight, 176 Pounds.



E. H. FENNESSY, '96.—No. 7.
Age, 22 Years. Weight, 172 Pounds.

ER, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JUNE 28TH—PORTRAITS OF THE CREWS.

(Continued from page 609.)

Crump found voice in a cry of terror and a whine for mercy. The boy looked at him, unable to speak his contempt.

"Git down thar!" he said, finally; and Crump, knowing what was wanted, stretched himself in the road. Isom sat down on a stone, the big pistol across one knee.

"Roll over!" Crump rolled at full length.

"Git up!" Isom laughed wickedly. "Ye don't look purty, Eli." He lifted the pistol and nipped a cake of dust from the road between Crump's feet. With another cry of fear, the spy began a vigorous dance.

"Hol' on, Eli; I don't want ye to dance. Ye belong to the chu'ch now, 'n' I wouldn't have ye go agin yer religion fer nothin'. Stan' still!" Another bullet and another cut between Crump's feet. "'Pears like ye don't think I kin shoot straight.

"Eli," he went on, reloading the empty chambers, "some folks thinks I'm a idgit, 'n' I know 'em. Do you think I'm a idgit, Eli?"

"Actin' mighty nateral now." Isom was raising the pistol again. "Oh, Lawdy! Don't shoot, boy—don't shoot!"

"Git down on yer knees! Now I want ye to beg fer mercy thet ye never showed—thet ye wouldn't 'a' showed Steve....Purty good," he said, encouragingly.

"Mebbe ye kin pray a leetle, seein' ez ye air a chu'ch member. Pray fer yer enemies, Eli; Uncl' Gabe says ye must love yer enemies. I know how ye loves me, 'n' I want ye to pray fer me. The Lawd mus' sot a powerful store by a good citizen like you. Ax him to fergive me fer killin' ye."

"Have mercy, O Lawd," prayed Crump, to command—and the prayer was subtle—"on the murderer of this thy servant. A life fer a life, thou hev said, O Lawd. Fer killin' me he will foller me, 'n' ef ye hev not mussy he is boun' fer the lowes' pit o' hell, O Lawd—"

It was Isom's time to wince now, and Crump's pious groan was cut short.

"Shet up!" cried the boy, sharply, and he sat a moment silent. "You've been a-spyin' on us sence I was borned, Eli," he said, reflectively. "I believe ye laywayed dad. Ye spied on Rome. Ye told the soldiers whar he was a-hidin'. Ye tried to shoot him from the bresh. Ye found out Steve was goin' to Breathitt on Sunday, 'n' you've jes made a blind to shoot him in the back. I reckon thar's no meanness ye hain't done. Dad al'ays said ye sot a snare fer a woman once—a woman! Ye loaded a musket with slugs, 'n' tied a string to the trigger, 'n' stretched hit 'cross the path, 'n' ye got up on a cliff 'n' whistled to make her slow up jes when she struck the string. I reckon thet's yer wust—but I don't know."

Several times Crump raised his hands in protest while his arraignment was going on; several times he tried to speak, but his lips refused utterance. The boy's voice was getting thicker and thicker, and he was nervously working the cock of the big pistol up and down.

"Git up," he said; and Crump rose with a spring. The lad's tone meant release.

"You hain't wuth the risk. I hain't goin' ter kill ye. I jus' wanted ter banter ye 'n' make ye beg. You're a good beggar, Eli, 'n' a powerful prayer. You'll be a shinin' light in the chu'ch, ef ye gits a chance ter shine long. Fer lemme tell ye, nobody ever ketched ye afore. But you're ketched now, an' I'm goin' to tell Steve. He'll be a-watchin' fer ye, 'n' so 'll I. I tell ye in time, ef ye ever come over hyar agin as long as you live, you'll never git back alive. Turn roun'! Hev ye got any balls?" he asked, feeling in Crump's pockets for cartridges. "No; well"—he picked up the Winchester and pumped the magazine empty—"I'll keep these," he said, handing Crump the empty rifle. "Now git away—an' git away quick!"

Crump's slouching footsteps went out of hearing, and Isom sat where he was. His elbows dropped to his knees. His face dropped slowly into his hands, and the nettles of remorse began to sting. He took the back of one tremulous hand presently to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, and he found it burning. A sharp pain shot through his eyes. He knew what that meant, and feeling dizzy, he rose and started a little blindly towards home.

Old Gabe was waiting for him. He did not answer the old man's querulous inquiry, but stumbled towards a bed. An hour later, when the miller was rubbing his forehead, he opened his eyes, shut them, and began to talk.

"I reckon I hain't much better 'n Eli, Uncl' Gabe," he said, plaintively. "I've been abusin' him down thar in the woods. I come might' nigh killin' him onct." The old man stroked on, scarcely heeding the boy's words, so much nonsense would he talk when ill.

"I've been lyin' to ye, Uncl' Gabe, 'n' a-deceivin' of ye right along. Steve's a-goin' atter ole Brayton—I'm goin' too—Steve didn't kill Jass—hit wusn't Steve—hit wusn't Rome—hit was—" The last word stopped behind his shaking lips; he rose suddenly in bed, looked wildly into the miller's startled face, and dropping with a sob to the bed, went sobbing to sleep.

Old Gabe went back to his pipe, and while he smoked, his figure shrank slowly in his chair. He went to bed finally, but sleep would not come, and he rose again and built up the fire and sat by it, waiting for day. His own doctrine, sternly taught for many a year, had come home to him; and the miller's face when he opened his door was gray as the breaking light.

"PRAY FER YER ENEMIES, ELI!"

IV.

There was little peace for old Gabe that day at the mill. And when he went home at night he found cause for the thousand premonitions that had haunted him. The lad was gone.

A faint light in the east was heralding the moon when Isom reached Steve Marcum's gate. There were several horses hitched to the fence, several dim forms seated in the porch, and the lad hallooed for Steve, whose shadow shot instantly from the door and came towards him.

"Glad ter see ye, Isom," he called, jubilantly. "I was jus' about to sen' fer ye. How'd ye happen to come up?"

Isom answered in a low voice with the news of Crump's "blind," and Steve laughed and swore in the same breath.

"Come hyar!" he said, leading the way back; and at the porch he had Isom tell the story again.

"Whut d' tell ye, boys?" he asked, triumphantly. "Don't believe ye more 'n half believed me."

Three more horsemen rode up to the gate and came into the light. Every man was armed, and at Isom's puzzled look, Steve caught the lad by the arm and led him around the chimney-corner. He was in high spirits.

"'Pears like ole times, Isom. I'm a-goin' fer thet cussed ole Steve Brayton this very night. He's behind Crump. I s'picioned it afore; now I know it for sartain. He's a-goin' to give Eli a mule 'n' a Winchester fer killin' me. We're goin' to s'prise him to-night. He won't be lookin' fer us—I've fixed that. I wus jus' about to sen' fer ye. I hain't fergot how ye kin handle a gun." Steve laughed significantly. "Ye're a good frien' o' mine, 'n' I'm goin' to show ye thet I'm a frien' o' yourn."

Isom's paleness was unnoticed in the dark. The old throbbing began to beat again at his temple; the old haze started from his eyes.

"Hyar's yer gun, Isom," he heard Steve saying next. The fire was blazing into his face. At the chimney-corner was the bent figure of old Daddy Marcum, and across his lap shone a Winchester. Steve was pointing at it, his grim face radiant; the old man's toothless mouth was grinning, and his sharp black eyes were snapping up at him.

"Hit's yourn, I tell ye," said Steve again. "I aimed jes to lend it to ye, but ye've saved me frum gittin' killed, mebbe, 'n' hit's yourn now—yourn, boy, fer keeps."

Steve was holding the gun out to him now. The smooth cold touch of the polished barrel thrilled him. It made everything for an instant clear again, and feeling weak, Isom sat down on the bed, gripping the treasure in both trembling hands. On one side of him some one was repeating Steve's plan of attack. Old Brayton's cabin was nearly opposite, but they would go up the river, cross above the mill, and ride back. The night was cloudy, but they would have the moonlight now and then for the climb up the mountain. They would creep close, and when the moon was hid they would run in and get old Brayton alive, if possible. Then—the rest was with Steve.

Across the room he could hear Steve telling the three new-comers, with an occasional curse, about Crump's blind, and how he knew that old Brayton was hiring Crump.

"Old Steve's meaner 'n Crump," he said to himself, and a flame of the old hate surged up from the fire of temptation in his heart. Steve Marcum was his best friend; Steve had shielded him. The boy had promised to join him against old Brayton, and here was the Winchester, brand-new, to bind his word.

"Git ready, boys; git ready."

It was Steve's voice, and in Isom's ears the preacher's voice rang after it. Again that blinding mist before his eyes, and the boy brushed at it irritably. He could see the men buckling cartridge-belts, but he sat still. Two or three men were going out. Daddy Marcum was leaning on a chair at the door, looking eagerly at each man as he passed.

"Hain't ye goin', Isom?"

Somebody was standing before him twirling a rifle on its butt, a boy near Isom's age. The whirling gun made him dizzy.

"Stop it!" he cried, angrily. Old Daddy Marcum was answering the boy's question from the door.

"Isom goin'?" he piped, proudly. "I reckon he air. Whar's yer belt, boy? Git ready. Git ready."

Isom rose then—he could not answer sitting down—and caught at a bedpost with one hand, while he fumbled at his throat with the other.

"I *hain't* goin'."

Steve heard at the door and whirled around. Daddy Marcum was tottering across the floor, with one bony hand uplifted.

"You're a coward!" The name stilled every sound. Isom, with eyes afire, sprang at the old man to strike, but somebody caught his arm and forced him back to the bed.

"Shet up, dad," said Steve, angrily, looking sharply into Isom's face. "Don't ye see the boy's sick? He needn't go ef he don't want to. Time to start, boys."

The tramp of heavy boots started across the puncheon floor and porch again. Isom could hear Steve's orders outside; the laughs and jeers and curses of the men as they mounted their horses; he heard the cavalcade pass through the gate, the old man's cackling good-by; then the horses' hoofs going down the mountain, and Daddy Marcum's hobbling step on the porch again. He was standing in the middle of the floor, full in the firelight, when the old man reached the threshold—standing in a trance, with a cartridge-belt in his hand.

"Good fer you, Isom!"

The cry was apologetic, and stopped short.

"The critter's fersaken," he quavered, and cowed by the boy's strange look, the old man shrank away from him along the wall. But Isom seemed neither to see nor hear. He caught up his rifle, and wavering an instant, tossed it with the belt on the bed and ran out the door. The old man followed, dumb with amazement.

"Isom!" he called, getting his wits and his tongue at last. "Hyar's yer gun! Come back, I tell ye! You've fergot yer gun! Isom! Isom!"

The voice piped shrilly out into the darkness, and piped back without answer.

A steep path, dangerous even by day, ran snakelike from the cabin down to the water's edge. It was called Isom's path after that tragic night. No mountaineer went down it thereafter without a firm faith that only by the direct help of Heaven could the boy, in his flight down through the dark, have reached the river and the other side alive. The path dropped from ledge to ledge, and ran the brink of precipices and chasms. In a dozen places the boy crashed through the undergrowth from one slippery fold to the next below, catching at roots and stones, slipping past death a score of times, and dropping on till a flood of yellow light flashed through the gloom before him. Just there the river was most narrow; the nose of

a cliff swerved the current sharply across, and on the other side an eddy ran from it up stream. These earthly helps he had, and he needed them.

There had been a rain-storm, and the waves swept him away like thistle-down, and beat back at him as he fought through them and stood choked and panting on the other shore. He did not dare stop to rest. The Marcums, too, had crossed the river up at the ford by this time, and were galloping toward him; and Isom started on and up. When he reached the first bench of the spur the moon was swinging over Thunderstruck Knob. The clouds broke as he climbed; strips of radiant sky showed between the rolling masses, and the mountain above was light and dark in quick succession. He had no breath when he reached the ledge that ran above old Steve's cabin, and flinging one arm above it, he fell through sheer exhaustion. The cabin was dark as the clump of firs behind it; the inmates were unsuspecting; and Steve Marcum and his men were not far below. A rumbling started under him, while he lay there and grew faint—the rumble of a stone knocked from the path by a horse's hoof. Isom tried to halloo, but his voice stopped in a whisper, and he painfully drew himself upon the rock, upright under the bright moon. A quick oath of warning came then—it was Crump's shrill voice in the Brayton cabin—and Isom stumbled forward with both hands thrown up and a gasping cry at his lips. One flash came through a port-hole of the cabin. A yell broke on the night—Crump's cry again—and the boy swayed across the rock, and falling at the brink, dropped with a limp struggle out of sight.

V.

The news of Isom's fate reached the miller by way of Hazlan before the next noon. Several men in the Brayton cabin had recognized the boy in the moonlight. At daybreak they found blood-stains on the ledge and on a narrow shelf a few feet farther down. Isom had slipped from one to the other, they said, and in his last struggle had rolled over into Dead Creek, and had been swept into the Cumberland.

It was Crump who had warned the Braytons. Nobody ever knew how he had learned Steve Marcum's purpose. And old Brayton on his guard and in his own cabin was impregnable. So the Marcums, after a harmless fusillade, had turned back cursing. Mocking shouts followed after them, pistol-shots, even the scraping of a fiddle and shuffling on the ledge. But they kept on, cursing across the river and back to Daddy Marcum, who was standing in the porch, peering for them through the dawn, with a story to tell about Isom.

"The critter was teched in the head," the old man said, and this was what the Braytons too believed. But Steve Marcum, going to search for Isom's body next day, gave old Gabe another theory. He told the miller how Daddy Marcum had called Isom a coward, and Steve said the boy had gone ahead to prove he was no coward.

"He had mighty leetle call to prove it to me. Think o' his takin' ole Brayton all by hisself!" he said, with a look at the yellow heaving Cumberland. "'N', Lord! think o' his swimmin' that river in the dark!"

Old Gabe asked a question fiercely then and demanded the truth, and Steve told him about the hand-to-hand fight on the mountain-side, about young Jasper's treachery, and how the boy who was watching the fight fired just in time to save Rome. It made all plain at last—Rome's and Steve's denials, Isom's dinning on that one theme, and why the boy could not go to Rome and face Martha, with her own blood on his hands. Isom's true motive, too, was plain, and the miller told it brokenly to Steve, who rode away with a low whistle to tell it broadcast, and left the old man rocking his body like a woman.

An hour later he rode back at a gallop to tell old Gabe to search the river bank below the mill. He did not believe Isom dead. It was just his "feelin'," he said, and one fact, that nobody else thought important—the Brayton canoe was gone.

"Ef he was jus' scamped by a ball," said Steve, "you kin bet he tuk the boat, 'n' he's down thar in the bushes somewhar now waitin' fer dark."

And about dusk, sure enough, old Gabe, wandering hopefully through the thicket below the mill, stumbled over the canoe stranded in the bushes. In the new mud were the tracks of a boy's bare feet leading into the thicket, and the miller made straight for home. When he opened his door he began to shake as if with palsy. A figure was seated on the hearth against the chimney, and the firelight was playing over the face and hair. The lips were parted, and the head hung limply to the breast. The clothes were torn to rags, and one shoulder was bare. Through the upper flesh of it and close to the neck was an ugly burrow clotted with blood. The boy was asleep.

Three nights later, in Hazlan, Sherd Raines told the people of Isom's flight down the mountain, across the river, and up the steep to save his life by losing it. Before he was done, one gray-headed figure pressed from the darkness on one side and stood trembling under the dips. It was old Steve Brayton, who had fired from the cabin at Isom, and dropping his Winchester, he stumbled forward with the butt of his pistol held out to Raines. A Marcum appeared on the other side with the muzzle of his Winchester down. Raines raised both hands then and imperiously called on every man who had a weapon to come forward and give it up. Like children they came, Marcums and Braytons, piling their arms on the rock before him, shaking hands right and left, and sitting together on the mourners' bench.

Old Brayton was humbled thereafter. He wanted to shake hands with Steve Marcum and make friends. But Steve grinned, and said, "Not yit," and went off into the bushes. A few days later he went to Hazlan of his own accord and gave up his gun to Raines. He wouldn't shake hands with old Brayton, he said, nor with any other man who would hire another man to do his "killin';" but he promised to fight no more, and he kept his word. Eli Crump was never seen alive again.

A flood followed on New-Year's day. Old Gabe's canoe—his second canoe—was gone, and a Marcum and a Brayton worked side by side at the mill hollowing out another. The miller sat at the door whittling.

"'Pears like folks is havin' bad luck with thar dug-outs," said the Brayton. "Some triflin' cuss took old Steve Brayton's jes to cross the river, without the grace to tie it to the bank, let 'lone takin' it back. I've hearn ez how Aunt Sally Day's boy Ben, who was a-fishin' that evenin', says ez how he seed Isom's harnt a-floatin' across the river in it, without techin' a paddle."

The Marcum laughed. "Idgits is thick over hyar," he said. "Ben's a-gittin' wuss sence Isom was killed. Yes, I recollect Gabe hyar lost a canoe jus' atter a flood more'n a year ago, when Rome Stetson 'n' Marthy Lewallen went a-gallivantin' out'n the mountains together. Hyar's another flood, 'n' old Gabe's dugout gone agin." The miller raised a covert glance of suspicion from under his hat, but the Marcum was laughing. "Ye oughter put a trace chain on this 'un," he added. "A rope gits rotten in the water, 'n' a tide is mighty apt to break it."

Old Gabe said that "mebbe that wus so," but he had no chain to waste; he reckoned a rope was strong enough, and he started home.

"Old Gabe don't seem to keer much now 'bout Isom," said the Brayton. "Folks say he tuk on so awful at fust that hit looked like he wus goin' crazy. He's gittin' downright peert agin. Hello!"

Bud Vickers was carrying a piece of news down to Hazlan, and he pulled up his horse to deliver it. Aunt Sally Day's dog had been seen playing in the Breathitt road with the frame of a human foot. Some boys had found not far away, behind a withered "blind," a heap of rags and bones. Eli Crump had not been seen in Hazlan since the night of the Brayton raid.

"Well, ef hit was Eli," said the Brayton, waggishly, "we're all goin' to be saved. Eli's case 'll come fust, an' ef thar's only one Jedgement day, the Lord 'll nuver git to us."

The three chuckled, while old Gabe sat dreaming at his gate. The boy had lain quiet during the weeks of his getting well, absorbed in one aim—to keep hidden until he was strong enough to get to Rome. On the last night the miller had raised one of the old hearth-stones and had given him the hire of many years. At daybreak the lad drifted away. Now old Gabe was following him down the river and on to the dim mountain line, where the boy's figure was plain for a moment against the sky, and then was lost.

The clouds in the west had turned gray and the crescent had broken the gloom of the woods into shadows when the miller rose. One star was coming over Black Mountain from the east.

"Thar hain't nothin' to hender Rome 'n' Marthy now. I nuver knowed anybody to stay 'way from these mount'ins ef he could git back; 'n' Isom said he'd fetch 'em. Thar hain't nothin' to hender—nothin' now."

On the stoop of the cabin the miller turned to look again, and then on the last Stetson the door was closed.

AN APPEAL AND A PROMISE.

Now that you've fixed the barbers up, dear Governor,
I pray
That you will cast your eagle eye a trifle in my way.
I am a poetizer and a humorist, though some
Say that my jokes have no more point than has a big bass drum.

I work so hard six days a week that when the seventh comes
My nerves are thoroughly unstrung, my poor brain whirls and hums;
Six dozen jokes a day I write, and poems by the gross
Go forth to editors each week, some sad and some jocose.

But, competition is so keen, I cannot take a day
To rest my weary brain at all—so cast your eye this way,
And if the barbers cannot work on Sundays, won't you please
Make humorists and poets take likewise a bit of ease?

And on the quiet, Governor, I'd like it fixed up so
That if I want to work a bit on Sundays, don't you know,
I sha'n't get into trouble with the keepers of the peace,
And have my cottage raided by the chief of the police.

Please have the act enacted so that in this Empire State,
Except in old Schoharie, where I've had to live of late,
No humorist or poet shall produce a single line,
Unless he spends a month in jail or pays ten dollars fine.

And to avert suspicion that you favor any one,
When you have got the bill drawn up provide that any fun
Produced in old Schoharie on the Sabbath after two—
My dinner-time—'s illegal; and I promise if you do,

If in the year of ninety-six you run for President,
I'll write a campaign song-book of such wonderful intent
That when election-day comes on, your ballots will amount
To such a fearful figure they will take a year to count.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

UNION COLLEGE.

THE present year completes the first century of the life of Union College, and calls attention to its significant history.

The war of the Revolution was not yet ended when some five hundred citizens of northern and eastern New York petitioned the Governor and Legislature for the establishment of a college to meet the needs of their growing settlements; not the religious needs so much as the needs of the new national life. The petition (1779) referred to "the loud call there now is and no doubt will be in future day for men of learning to fill the several offices of church and state," and prayed for the founding of a college in the city of Schenectady to be named after the first Governor, Clinton.

The petition was denied, but was renewed from year to year, until, in 1785, an academy was incorporated in Schenectady, and on February 25, 1795, this academy became Union College, the charter of the college being the first one granted by the newly constituted Board of Regents of the State of New York. The first class, numbering but three students, was matriculated October 19, 1795, when the Rev. John Blair Smith, D.D., assumed the office of president.

The conditions must have been discouraging, for he resigned in 1799. He was succeeded by Jonathan Edwards, the younger, who died in 1801. His successor was the Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, D.D., who resigned in 1804. Then came the determining event in the life of the college. The Rev. Eliphalet Nott was called to the presidency, and held the office until his death in 1866, or for a period of sixty-two years, the longest presidential term in the history of American colleges.

Dr. Nott made Union College. The story of his administration is the story of the progress of the institution from weakness and obscurity to a position second to none among the colleges of our land. A man of vigorous intellect, of limitless resources, of marvellous tact, of broad sympathies, of masterful eloquence, of an imposing figure and an inspiring personality, he brought all of his remarkable endowments to the service of the college. Students gathered about him in increasing numbers. From 15 in 1804, the Senior Class numbered 59 in 1814, 90 in 1824, 105 in 1834, reaching the maximum, 162, in 1860. In 1845, at the close of the first fifty years of her life, Union College had sent forth nearly one-half as many graduates as Harvard College in all her history of two hundred years.

Dr. Nott was pre-eminently a judge of men, and surrounded himself with teachers of recognized ability. The faculty contained such men as Francis Wayland, afterwards president of Brown University, Alonzo Potter, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania, Andrew Yates, Robert Proudfit, Tayler Lewis, Isaac W. Jackson, William M. Gillespie, and John Foster.

No college suffered more by reason of the civil war; first, through the withdrawal of the unusually large number of Southern students, and then through the enlistment of Northern undergraduates, under the command of the brilliant young Professor of Modern Languages, Elias Peissner, the son-in-law of Tayler Lewis, who drilled them daily on the campus, until they marched to the front. Few of these returned after the war to graduate.

Upon the death of Dr. Nott, in 1866, Dr. Laurens P. Hickok, who had served as vice-president for many years, was elected president, but resigned in 1868, and was succeeded by Dr. Charles A. Aiken, who remained but two years. Then Dr. Eliphalet Nott Potter, a grandson of the great president, was called to the presidency. Under his administration the college made substantial progress. Endowments were increased, and the educational facilities enlarged.

The imposing Memorial Hall was erected, as well as the graceful and serviceable Powers Building, containing the library and class-rooms. Through the efforts of Dr. Potter, Union assumed the title of University by the act of the Legislature which brought under one Board of Governors the College at Schenectady and the Medical College, the Law School, and the Dudley Observatory at Albany, New York, to which has since been added the Albany School of Pharmacy.

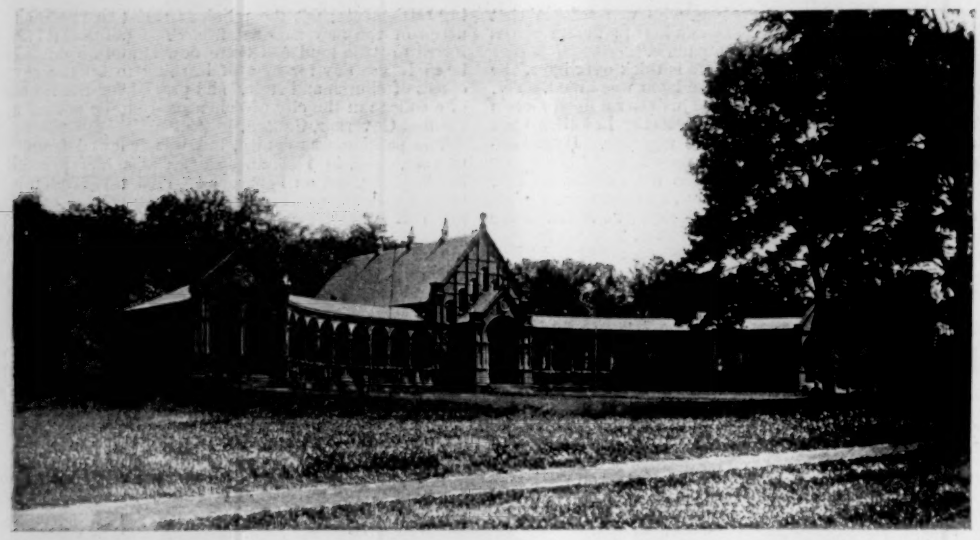
Dr. Potter resigned in 1884 and accepted the presidency of Hobart College. Judge Judson S. Landon acted as provisional president for four years, until the election of Harrison E. Webster, LL.D. Dr. Webster had left college for the war, and was among those who returned after peace was declared, graduating with the class of '68. As tutor and professor, from 1868 to 1883, he won the respect and devotion of successive classes, whose members came to his support with loyal enthusiasm when he assumed the presidency, and all the interests of the college showed at once the influence of his presence. His administration, though brief, was marked by many evidences of new and vigorous life. Dr. Webster resigned in 1894, and was succeeded by the present president, Andrew V. V. Raymond, who was called from the pastorate of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, and was inaugurated June 26, 1894.

This recital of names and dates, necessary to a historical sketch, gives no conception of the influence of Union College in the educational world. Her distinction appears in the principles which she has represented and the policies which she has inaugurated, giving her a place of honor different in many respects from that which any other college can claim.

In an age of religious differences and sectarian rivalries Union College was established upon the broad basis of Christian charity; the first American college to be independent of denominational control; the earliest representative of Christian unity in the educational world. By the terms of the original charter the majority of the Board of Trustees could not belong to any one denomination. The name indicates the catholic spirit which from the beginning has been one of the distinguishing features of the college in Schenectady, and which in this centennial year calls for special recognition.

With this must be joined the fact, already indicated, that Union College was to an exceptional degree the outgrowth of our national life, devoted to the maintenance of our national institutions. This will account for her prominence in the political history of the country—a prominence sufficiently indicated by citing such names among her graduates as William H. Seward, James A. Bayard, John Bigelow, Chester A. Arthur, Warner Miller, and Secretaries Morton and Lamont of the present cabinet. If the roll-call were completed it would include ten United States Senators, one hundred and thirty-five Representatives, many Governors, such as John T. Hoffman, of New York, Alexander H. Rice, of Massachusetts, and John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, who almost at the same time filled and honored the chief executive offices in these three greatest States.

But while the influence of the college has been largely po-



THE LIBRARY.

REV. ANDREW V. V. RAYMOND, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

litical, her services have been no less conspicuous in other directions. One-third of all the judges of the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals of the Empire State have been alumni of Union College. Thirty-nine college presidents have carried the name of Union into the educational world, and left their impress upon such leading institutions as Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Brown, Trinity, Hobart, Princeton, Vassar, Smith, the Universities of Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa.

But perhaps the chief distinction of Union College is found in the aggressive character of her own educational life. She was the first of American colleges to introduce the study of the modern languages, the first to offer optional courses, which she did nearly seventy years ago by providing a Scientific Course, the first to recognize the importance of technical training, organizing a department of Civil Engineering as early as 1845. In all this Union was the pioneer and prophet, as the recent history of almost all our higher institutions of learning testifies. While thus taking the initiative in enlarging the field of college work, she has persistently and faithfully emphasized the study of the humanities, never departing from her historic position as a classical college.

In the sphere of college discipline her influence has been no less original. When the students of other colleges were bound by petty rules and regulations, and offences against college laws were often treated as seriously as against the moral code, the students of Union were enjoying the privileges of the policy of Dr. Nott, who met all with sympathy and confidence, appealing to a sense of honor which seldom failed to justify his faith. This method of governing students was one of the best-known characteristics of Union College in the old days, and marked a new era in college discipline. It is followed to-day almost universally.

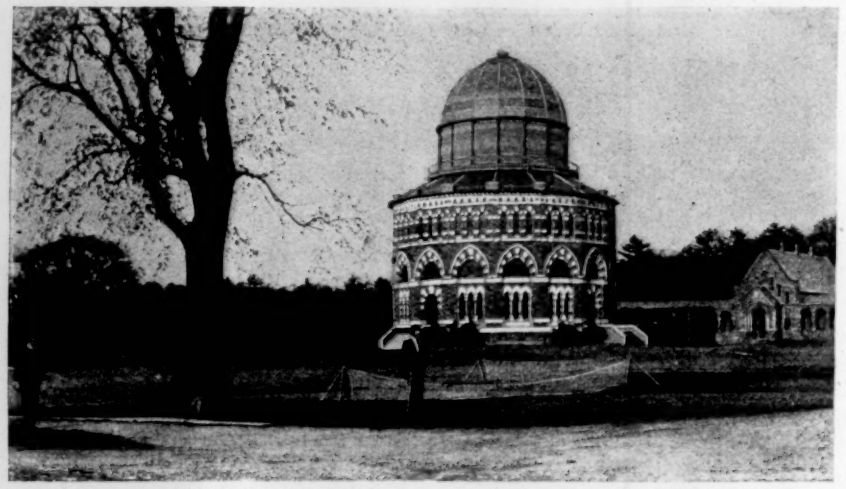
In yet another particular Union College has a unique position. Fraternities represent to-day much of the charm of undergraduate life, and occupy a field of increasing influence and importance recognized by all but a few of our colleges. To Union College belongs the distinction of originating the fraternity system and founding the oldest as well as the best-known Greek letter fraternities: Kappa Alpha, in 1825; Sigma Phi and Delta Phi, in 1827; Psi Upsilon, in 1833; Chi Psi, in 1841; Theta Delta Chi, 1847. The sympathy of the authorities with these social and literary organizations drew many students from other colleges in the days when their aims and methods were misunderstood, and the element of secrecy led to repressive measures.

All these facts give Union a distinctive and distinguished place among American colleges, and impart special interest to her Centennial Celebration, when from near and from far her loyal sons will return to do her honor and tell with loving gratitude the story of the past as they rejoice in the present. The memories awakened by the classic shades of her stately avenues and beautiful groves, and the sight of the "old gray walls," will be met by tokens of new prosperity, for the college enters upon her second century with every manifestation of old-time vigor.

More students are to-day enjoying her fostering care than at any time since 1864, the present Freshman class being the largest in the history of the college. The standard was never so high, and the educational advantages in general never so complete as to-day. Within the past year the faculty has been increased by eight new professors and instructors, and two more are to be added before September.

True to her historic position, she offers her students a choice of courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Engineering, and in the interests of thorough academic training concentrates her energies upon undergraduate work. An important addition to her curriculum is the recently instituted department of Electrical Engineering, which, through an arrangement with the General Electric Company, whose great plant is located at Schenectady, offers advantages which cannot be easily reproduced elsewhere.

Despite the general financial depression the college has received some important gifts during the past year for prizes, scholarships, and endowments, a professorship having been promised by the alumni of St. Paul, and a new dormitory by the alumni of Chicago and vicinity. The fine property of the college in Schenectady, comprising more than two hundred acres, with avenues of elms and maples, and groves of chestnut and pine, and the historic "Garden," beautifully located on high ground commanding a view of the Mohawk Valley and distant mountains, is the fitting environment of this ancient and honored seat of learning. Rich already with the associations of a hundred years, it is destined to enshrine still larger interests and more varied memories as building is added to building and the life of the college develops. When the work of erecting fraternity houses on the college grounds, already begun, is completed, all the interest of student life will centre about the campus, and "College Hill" will live still more abidingly in grateful memories.



NOTT MEMORIAL HALL.

The exercises designed as a fitting commemoration of the first century of the life of Union College began Sunday, June 23d, and are now in progress.

The Commencement exercises of the class of '95 will be held on Thursday, followed by the Centennial Oration, by Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, a son of the late Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, for many years professor and vice-president at Union, and a grandson of President Eliphalet Nott. Bishop Potter will be introduced by his brother, President Eliphalet Nott Potter, of Hobart College.

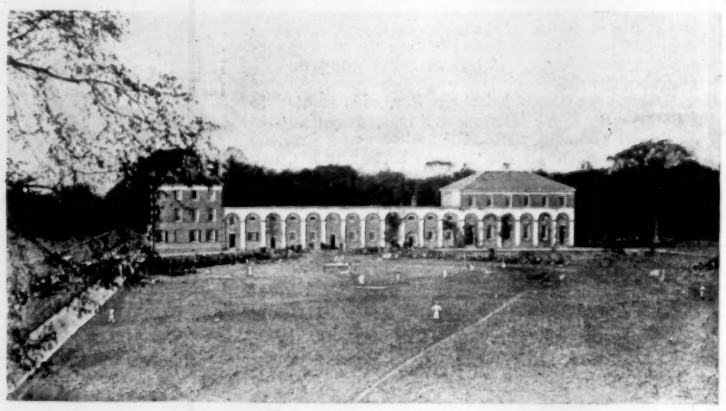
Under the inspiration of these commemorative exercises the "Song to Old Union," sung on every Commencement day since it was written by Fitz Hugh Ludlow in 1856, will be voiced by a wealth of feeling and devotion greater than ever before, and will close the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary.

SONG TO OLD UNION.

Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream,
And sing of the brave adorning
That Phœbus weaves from his laurel leaves
At the golden gates of morning;
But the brook that bounds through Union's grounds
Gleams bright as the Delphic water,
And a prize as fair as a god may wear
Is a dip from our Alma Mater.

Chorus: Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as thy walls grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus!

SOUTH COLLEGE.



NORTH COLONNADE AND BALL-FIELD.

AS BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED.

BY FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.

VII.

A FEW days after his return to Picotee from his professional investigations in the interior, Dr. Koomadhi was visited by Major Linton. The Major was anxious to have some shooting at big game, and he was greatly disappointed at being unable to find in the neighborhood of Picotee any one who could put him on the right track to gratify his longing for slaughter. The ivory-hunters did not find an outlet for their business at Picotee, and the majority of the inhabitants were as unenterprising, Major Linton said, as the chawbacons of an English village; nay, more so, for the chawbacons were beginning to know the joy of a metropolitan music-hall, and that meant enterprise. He wondered if Koomadhi would allow him to accompany him on his next excursion.

Koomadhi said that no proposal could give him greater pleasure. He would be going up again in a week or two, and he could promise Major Linton some first-class sport. He could show him some queer things.

Talking of queer things, had Major Linton ever seen a piece of the famous African sound-stone? It was supposed that the famous statue of Memnon had been carved out of that stone.

Major Linton had considered all that had been written on the subject of the talking statue utter rot, and he believed so still. Could any sane man credit a story like that? he was anxious to know.

"I suppose not," said Koomadhi. "But, anyhow, I have now and again come upon pieces of the sound-stone. I'll show you a couple of bits."

He produced the roughly cut stone ear, and then an equally rough stone chipped into the form of a mouth—a negro's mouth.

"They are rum things, to be sure," said Linton. "I don't think that I ever saw stones just the same. Is the material marble?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Koomadhi. "But just put that stone to your ear for a few moments."

Linton had the mouth-stone in his hand. Koomadhi retained the ear-stone and raised it to his lips the moment that the Major raised his hand.

"No," said the Major, "I hear nothing. That sound-stone myth isn't good enough for me. I'm not exactly a lunatic yet, and that's why I'm going to climb up to your roof to enjoy the sea-breeze. Take your marvellous sound-stone, and I'll show you what it is to be a gymnast."

He opened the shutters, got out upon the veranda, and began climbing one of the supports of the veranda roof. He was a pretty fair athlete, but when the thermometer registers 97 deg. is not, perhaps, the most favorable time for violent exercise. Still he reached the roof with his hands and threw one leg up; in another moment he was sitting on the highest part of the roof, and was inviting Koomadhi to join him, declaring that only a fool would remain in-doors such a day.

Koomadhi smiled and shook his head. "You must have some refreshment after your exertions," said he. "What would you like—a brandy-and-soda, with a lump of ice clinking the sides of the tumbler?"

"That sounds inviting," said Major Linton, scratching his chest with a forefinger—it had apparently been chafed in his ascent of the roof. "Yes; but if you chance to have a banana and a few nuts—by Jingo! I should like a nut or two. Has no dietist written a paper on the dietetic value of the common or garden nut, Koomadhi?"

"Come down and I'll give you as many nuts as you can eat," said Koomadhi.

"Yes, I'll come down this way," said the Major. He swung himself by one arm from the side of the roof to the bough of a tree. There he hung suspended by the other arm, and swinging slowly backward and forward. Even then he scraped the breast of his shirt, uttering a number of sounds that might have meant laughter. Then he caught a lower branch with his loose arm and dropped to the ground. Again he scraped at his chest and laughed.

"How about those nuts?" he said. "I think I've earned them. How the mischief is it that I neglected my gymnastics all these months? What a fool I was! Walking along in the open day by day when I might have been enjoying the free life of the jungle!"

"Come inside and try a bit of cocoanut," said Koomadhi.

"I'm your man," said the Major.

"My man—*man?*" laughed the doctor. "Oh yes, you've earned the cocoanut."

The soft flesh of a green cocoanut lay on the table of the sitting-room, and Major Linton caught it up and swallowed it without ceremony. The doctor watched him with a curious expression on his face.

"That's the most refreshing tiffin I've had for a long time," said the Major. "Now I'll have to get back to the Residence. Will you drop in for a game of billiards?"

"Perhaps I may," said the doctor. "Take that sound-stone again and try if you really cannot hear anything when you put it to your ear."

"My dear fellow, I'm not the sort of a chap to become the victim of a delusion," said the Major, picking up the stone and holding it to his ear. "Not a sound do I hear. Hang it all, man, I'd get more sound out of a common shell! *Au revoir.*"

He had his eyes fixed upon the ink-bottle that stood on the desk beside a blotter and a sheet of writing-paper.

Dr. Koomadhi noted the expression in his eyes, and turned to open the door. The very instant that his back was turned, Major Linton ran to the ink-bottle, upset it upon the blotter, and then rushed off by the open window, laughing heartily.

And yet there was no human being who so detested the playing of practical jokes as Major Linton.

Dr. Koomadhi put away the stones and called his servant to wipe up the ink, which was dripping down to the floor.

"Lorra mussy!" cried the old woman. "How eber did yo' make that muss?"

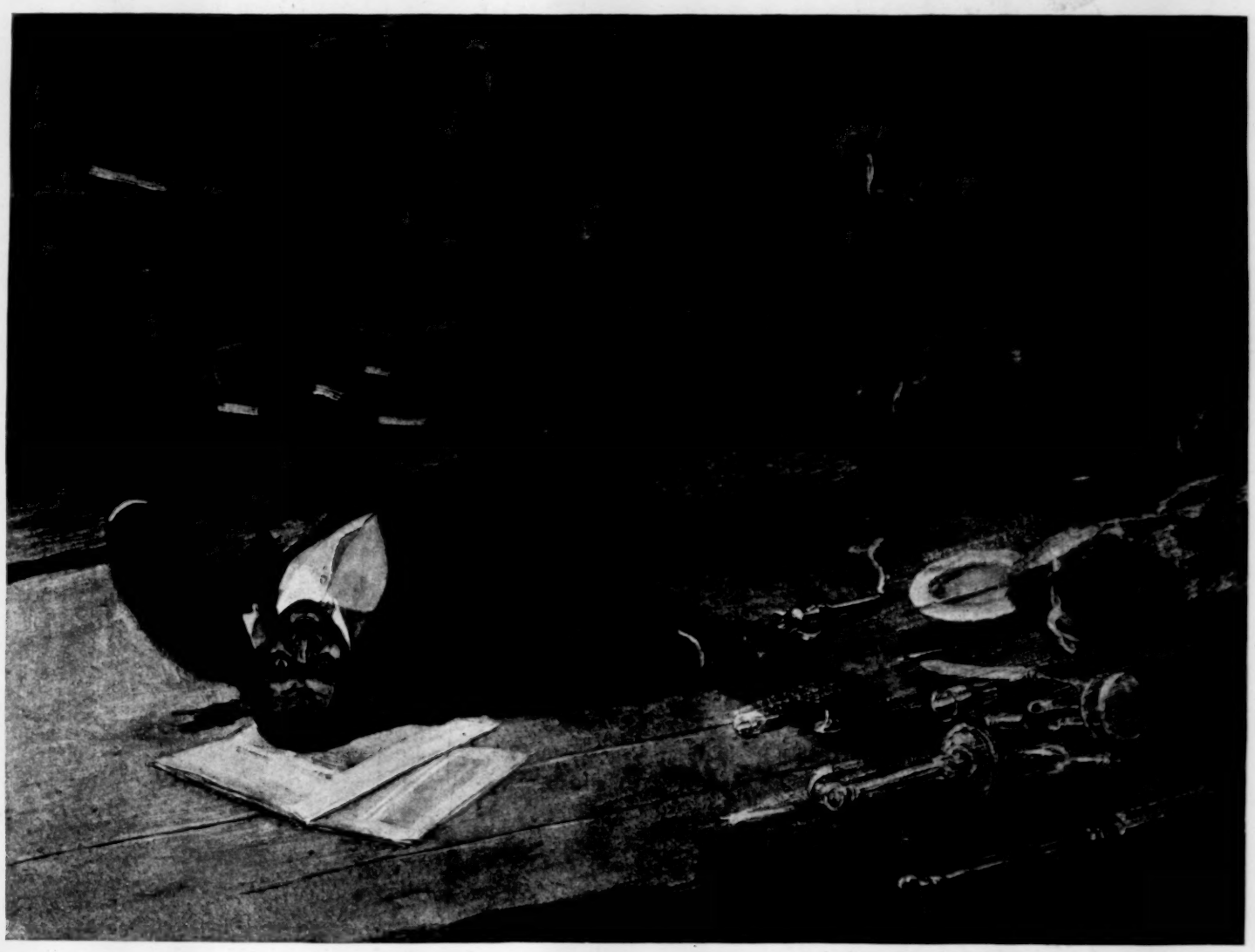
"I didn't know that it was on the blotter until too late," said he.

And yet Dr. Koomadhi was a most truthful man—for a doctor.

VIII.

Two days had passed before Dr. Koomadhi found time to call at the Residence to play a game of billiards. He found Major Linton lying on the cane settee in a condition of perspiration and exhaustion.

"I'm sure Dr. Koomadhi will bear me out in what I say," said Mrs. Linton, as the doctor entered the room. "I've been lecturing my husband upon the danger of taking such violent exercise as he has been indulging in,"



she continued. "Just look at the state that he is in, doctor! The idea of any sane man on a day like this entering into a climbing contest with a monkey!"

"Great heavens! Is that what he has been about—and the thermometer nearer a hundred than ninety?" cried the doctor.

"I admit that I was an ass," muttered the Major. "But somehow I felt that I should show Jacco that I could lick him on his own ground—not exactly his *ground*—we were never on the ground."

"And when I went out I found them swinging on the topmost bough of one of the trees," said Mrs. Linton. "Upon my word, my father will feel scandalized! Such a thing never occurred at the Residence before."

"Apart from the social aspect of the incident, I am bound to say that it was most indiscreet," said Dr. Koomadhi. "Nothing precipitates sunstroke like over-exertion in a high temperature. Major, this must not occur again."

"All right; don't make a fuss, or you'll soon be as hot as I am," said the Major, rising with difficulty and crossing the room—he was bent almost double—to his wife's tea table.

"Hallo," said the doctor, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"It's not what I have been doing, but what I've left undone that you notice," laughed the Major. "The fact is that I couldn't be bothered shaving the last few mornings. That's what you notice."

That was precisely what the doctor did notice. He noticed the tossed hair of the Major's head and such bristles of a beard and whiskers as had completely altered the appearance of his face.

He also noticed that when Mrs. Linton turned away for a moment her husband deftly abstracted two lumps of sugar from the bowl and began eating them surreptitiously.

"No nuts," he heard him mutter, contemptuously, some time afterwards.

"Nuts?" said Mrs. Linton. "You'll ruin your digestion if you eat any more nuts, Dick. Dr. Koomadhi, will you join your voice with mine in protest against this foolish boy's fancy for nuts? You speak with the recognized authority of a medical man. I can only speak as a wife, and I am not so foolish as to fancy that that constitutes any claim to attention. If you continue rubbing your chest in that absurd way, Dick, you'll certainly make a raw."

Dr. Koomadhi did not fail to observe that the Major was rubbing his chest with his bent-up fingers.

"I'm quite surprised at your impudence," said he, shaking his head. "You told me some time ago that though you had been for seven years in India, you never had a touch of fever, and you attributed this to the attention you paid to your diet. Now you know as well as I do that if a man requires to be careful in India, there is double reason for him to be careful on the west coast of Africa. How can you so disregard the most elementary laws of health?"

Major Linton laughed. "There's nothing like exercise," he said, "and the best of all exercise is climbing. Why, my dear Koomadhi, haven't the greatest intellects of the age taken to climbing? Isn't Tyndall a splendid mountaineer? I don't profess to be superior to Tyndall. Now, as I can't get mountains to climb in this neighborhood, I take naturally to the trees. I think sometimes I could pass the rest of my natural life pleasantly enough here. Man wants but little here below. Give me a branch to swing on, a green cocoanut, and a friend who won't resent a practical joke—I want nothing more. By-the-way, it's odd that I never saw until lately—in fact, until two days ago—what good fun there is in a practical joke."

"His perception of what he calls good fun deprived me of my brush and comb this morning," said Mrs. Linton. "I must confess I fail to see the humor in hiding one's brush and comb."

"It was the most innocent lark in the world, and you had no reason to be so put out about it," said her husband, leaning over the back of her chair. Dr. Koomadhi saw that he was tying the sash of her loose gown to the wicker-work of the table at which she was sitting, so that she could not rise without overturning the tray with the cups.

"My dear Major," said the doctor, "a jest is a jest, but your wife's china—"

"Oh, you have given me away, but I'll be equal to you, never fear," said the Major, shambling off, as his wife proceeded to loose the knot of her sash from the table.

She did not speak a word, but her face was flushed, and it was plain that she was greatly annoyed. The flush upon her face deepened when her husband went out to the veranda and uttered a curious guttural cry.

"How has he learned that?" asked Dr. Koomadhi.

"Learned what?" said Mrs. Linton.

"That cry."

"Oh, it's some of his foolishness."

"I dare say; but—"

"Ah, I thought I could bring you here, my friend," cried the Major, as Jacco the baboon swung off his usual place over the porch into his arms.

Dr. Koomadhi watched the creature run its fingers through the Major's disordered hair. He heard the guttural sound made by the baboon, and he heard it responded to by the Major.

He found that Major Linton was on a level with him in his acquaintance with the simian language.

He rose and took leave of Mrs. Linton, and then, with a word of warning in regard to his imprudent exercises, of the Major.

It was not until he had reached his own house that he discovered that upon the back of his spotless linen coat there had been executed in ink the grinning face of a clown. He recollected that he had seen Major Linton toying with a quill pen behind him as he sat drinking tea.

IX.

A few days later Dr. Koomadhi was visited—unofficially—by Commander Hope. The poor Commissioner was as grave as if an impetuous French naval officer had just been reported to have insulted the British flag on some part of the coast protected (nominally) by that variegated bunting. He was anxious to consult with the doctor regarding the condition of Major Linton.

"Indeed?" said the doctor. "What do you suppose is the matter with him, sir?"

The Commissioner tapped his forehead significantly.

"A slight touch of sunstroke, I fancy," he replied. "He has been behaving strangely—giving us a great deal of uneasiness, Koomadhi. Oh yes, it's clearly a touch of sunstroke."

"That's bad—but not sufficiently bad to be very grave about, sir," said the doctor. "You know how these attacks pass away, leaving scarcely a trace behind, if properly treated. You have, of course, applied the ice?"

"We've applied nothing," said the Commissioner. "He's beyond our control, Koomadhi. He left the Residence last evening and has not turned up since."

"Great heavens!"

"It's a fact. Oh, he must be stark, staring mad." The Commissioner was walking up and down the doctor's room in a state of most unofficial perturbation. "I found it necessary to speak to him pretty plainly a couple of days ago. It was bad enough for him to climb up the mast and nail the flag to the pole so that it could not be hauled down at sunset, but when it comes to dropping the keys of the despatch-box into the water-tank, the thing ceases to be a joke. I gave him a good slating and he sulked. He had an idea, his wife told me, that he understood the simian language, and he was forever practising his knowledge upon our tame baboon. What on earth does that mean, if not sunstroke?—tell me that, Koomadhi."

"It looks very like sunstroke indeed," said the doctor. "But where can he have disappeared to?"

"That's the question that makes me feel uneasy," said the Commissioner. "I don't like to make a fuss just yet, but—I'll tell you what it is, Koomadhi"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"the man has a delusion that he is an ape; it's impossible to keep it a secret any longer. God help us all! God help my poor girl—my poor girl!"

The Commissioner broke down completely and wept with his face bowed down to his hands. He was very unofficial—tears are not official.

"Come, sir, you must not give way like this," said the doctor. "This coast is the very devil for men like Linton, who will not take reasonable precaution. But there's no reason to be alarmed just yet. The *Penguin* will be here in a few days, and the instant the steamer drops her anchor we'll ship him aboard. He'll be all right, take my word for it, when he sails a few degrees northward."

"But where is he now?"

"He's probably loafing around the outskirts of the jungle; but he'll be safe enough, and he'll return most likely within the next few hours."

"You are of that opinion?"

"Assuredly. Above all things, there must be no talk about this business; it might ruin him socially, and your daughter—"

"Poor girl! poor girl! I agree with you, Koomadhi; it must be kept a secret; no human being must know about this shocking business."

"If he does not return before to-night, send a message to me, sir."

"I'll not fail. Poor girl! Oh, Koomadhi, her heart will be broken—her heart will be broken!"

The Commissioner went away, looking at least ten years older than when he had last been seen by Dr. Koomadhi.

The doctor watched him stumbling down the pathway; then he laughed, and opened a bottle of champagne, which he drank at a gulp: it was only when he was alone that he allowed himself the luxury of drinking champagne in gulps.

Shortly before midnight he paid a visit to the barrack of the Houssas, and found that the officer who was on the sick list was very much better. Returning by the side of the jungle, he heard the sound of steps and a laugh behind him. It might have been the laugh of a man, but the steps were not those of a man.

He looked round.

A shambling creature was following him—a creature with a hairy face and matted locks—a creature whose eyes gleamed wildly in the moonlight.

"How the mischief can you walk so fast along a path like this?" came the voice of Major Linton from the hairy jaws of the Thing.

"I'm not walking so fast, after all," said the doctor. He had not given the least start on coming face to face with the Thing.

"I don't care much about walking on roads; but I'll back myself to cross a forest without leaving the trees," said the Thing. "That would beat you, Koomadhi. Oh, by-the-way—" Here he emitted some guttural sounds.

The simian language was recognized by the doctor, and replied to with a smile, and for some time the two exchanged remarks. The doctor was the first to break down.

"I don't understand that expression," said he, when the other had repeated some sounds.

"Why, you fool, that means, 'Is there anything to drink handy?'" said the voice of Major Linton. "Why, I know more of the language than you. We've been talking nothing else for the past day or two."

"Where have you been?"

"In the jungle. Where else would you have me be?"

"Where indeed? You'd better stay with me to-night. I'll give you something to drink."

"That will suit me nicely. I'm a bit thirsty, and—" Here he lapsed into the simian jabber.

He curled himself up in a corner of the sofa, and took the tumbler that Dr. Koomadhi offered to him, drinking off the contents pretty much after the style of the doctor when alone. He then began talking about the sense of freedom incidental to a life spent in the jungle, and every now and again his words became what was long ago known as gibberish; but nearly every utterance was intelligible to the doctor.

After some time had passed, the doctor took the carved stones out of the desk drawer, and handing one to his companion, said:

"By-the-way, I wonder if you are still deaf to the sound of this thing. Try it again."

"What's the good? I'm not such a fool as to fancy that any sound can come from a stone."

"Doesn't Shakespeare say something about 'sermons in stones'?"

"Oh, Shakespeare? He could hear things and see things that no one else could. Well, give me the stone."

He put the roughly carved lips to his ear, while the doctor raised the other to his own mouth.

"You can hear no murmur?" said the doctor.

"Nothing whatever. I think, if you don't mind, I'll go asleep."

"I can give you a bed."

"A bed? What rot! No, thank you; I'll be comfortable enough here."

He curled himself up and went to sleep before the doctor's eyes.

When the doctor entered his sitting-room the next morning, the apartment was empty.

X.

"I was a fool for not detaining him by force," said Dr. Koomadhi, in telling the Commissioner a few hours later that his son-in-law had paid a visit to his (the doctor's) house. "But there really is nothing to be alarmed about. He has a whim, but he'll soon tire of it."

"I hope to heavens he'll return by to-morrow evening," said the Commander. "The *Penguin* will be here in the morning, and we must get him aboard by some means. What a pity you didn't lock him in!"

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid to do so; if he had made a row in the morning on feeling himself a prisoner, the thing would be over the town before noon. Oh, you may be certain that he'll turn up again either to-day or to-morrow."

That night one of the officers of the Houssas gave Dr. Koomadhi a circumstantial account of a strange chimpanzee which one of the men had seen on the outskirts of the jungle at daybreak. If the thing wasn't a chimpanzee it certainly was a gorilla, the officer said, and he meant to have a shot at it. Would the doctor join him in the hunt, he inquired.

The doctor said he would be delighted to do so, but not before the next evening, he had so much to do.

The *Penguin's* gun was heard early in the morning, and Dr. Koomadhi had the privilege of reading his *Saturday Review* at breakfast.

He went to the Residence before noon. The Commissioner was not there. He had gone aboard the *Penguin*, Mr. Letts, the secretary, said, without looking up from his paper.

"I wonder if you know anything about Linton, Mr. Leets," whispered Koomadhi.

"I wonder if *you* know anything about him, Dr. Koomadhi," said Mr. Letts.

"He has not been near me since the night before last," said the doctor. "Has he been here?"

Before the secretary could reply a servant knocked at the office door conveying Mrs. Linton's compliments to Dr. Koomadhi, and to inquire if he would be good enough to step into the breakfast-room until the Commissioner returned from the mail steamer.

Dr. Koomadhi said he would be pleased to do so, and he left the office and followed the servant into the breakfast-room—an apartment which occupied one end of the Residence, and had windows opening upon the veranda and affording a view of that portion of the jungle which was nearest Picotee.

He would scarcely have recognized Gertrude Linton. The deathly pale, worn woman who greeted him silently had nothing in common with the brilliant daughter of the Commissioner who, a few months before, had been as exquisite as a lily in the midst of a jungle.

"What are we to do—what are we to do?" she whispered. "You have seen him since we saw him. What did he say? Will he return in time to be put aboard the steamer? Oh, for God's sake give me a word of hope—one word to keep me from going mad too!"

"Mrs. Linton," said Dr. Koomadhi, "you have asked me a great many questions. May I remind you that I never asked but one question of you?"

"One question? What do you mean?"

"I asked you if you thought you could marry me. What was your answer?"

"Why do you come here to remind me of that? If you are thinking of that fault of mine—it was cruel, I know, but I did not mean it—if you are thinking of that rather than of the best way to help us, you had much better have staid away."

"You said you would as soon marry a baboon as marry me."

"I checked myself."

"When you had practically said it."

"Well, what then?"

"Nothing; you did not marry me, and the alternative was your own choice."

"The alternative?"

"Yes; you married a baboon. You know it. Is there any doubt on your mind? Come to this window."

He had suddenly crossed the room to a window facing the jungle. She staggered to his side. He threw open the window and pointed out.

What Mrs. Linton saw was a huge ape running on all fours across the cleared space just outside the jungle. The creature ran on for some distance, then stopped and turned round, gibbering. Then from the jungle there came another ape, only in a more upright posture. With a yell he caught the hand of the first, and the creature stood upright. Then, hand in hand, in a horribly grotesque dance, they advanced together until they were within a hundred yards of the Residence.

"You see—you see," laughed Dr. Koomadhi. "You may still be able to recognize some of his features in spite of the transformation. You have had your choice. A baboon is your husband, and your child—"

The shriek that the woman gave before falling to the floor frightened even Dr. Koomadhi.

In a second the room door was opened. Mr. Letts appeared. He rushed at Dr. Koomadhi, and had his hands on his throat before the doctor could raise Mrs. Linton. He forced the negro backward into the porch, and flung him out almost upon the Commissioner and Mr. Ross, the surgeon of the *Penguin*, who were in the act of entering.

"For heaven's sake, Letts!" cried the Commissioner.

"You infernal nigger!" shouted Letts as Dr. Koomadhi picked himself up. "You infernal nigger! if ever you show your face here again I'll break every bone in your body!"

"What the blazes is the matter?" asked Ross.

"I believe that that devil has killed Mrs. Linton," said the secretary. "If he has, by God, I'll kill him."

Dr. Koomadhi went to his house in dignified silence. He put a couple of glasses of brandy into a bottle of champagne and gulped down the whole. Then he wrote a short note to the officer of the Houssas, mentioning

that he would be happy to help to shoot the great ape at daybreak.

He sent off the letter, and before he closed his desk he thought he would restore the carved stones to their receptacle. He had put them into his pocket before starting for the Residence; but now when he felt for them in his pocket he failed to find them. It suddenly occurred to him that they had been thrown out of his pocket by the violence of the man who had flung him into the road. If so, they would be lying on the pathway, and they would be safe enough there until dark, when he could go and search for them.

At moonrise he went out and walked down the road to the Residence, but when just at the porch he was confronted by Ross, who was leaving the house.

"Hallo!" cried the surgeon. "I was just about to stroll up to you."

"And I was determined not to miss you," said Koomadhi. "How is Mrs. Linton? It will be brain-fever, I'm afraid."

"It looks very like it," said Ross. "She is delirious. How did the attack come? That fool of a secretary will give no explanation of his conduct to you. The Commissioner says he will either apologize or leave the station."

"The secretary is a fool," said Koomadhi. "Great heavens! to think that there are still some men like that—steeped to the lips in prejudice against the race to which I am proud to belong! We'll not talk of him, but I'll certainly demand an apology. The poor woman—she is little more than a girl, Ross! The breaking strain was reached when she was in the act of telling me about her husband."

"Sunstroke, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. He has been behaving queerly for some time. Walk back with me and have something to drink."

"I can only stay for an hour," said Ross. "Mrs. Bryson, the wife of the telegraphist, is nursing Mrs. Linton; but it won't do for me to be absent for long."

He remained chatting with Koomadhi for about an hour, and then left for the Residence alone.

Dr. Koomadhi determined to wait until midnight, when he might be pretty certain that his search for the stones would not be interrupted.

The door of the Residence was opened for Mr. Ross by Letts.

"Step this way, Ross," said he, in a low voice.

Ross went into the secretary's room. Sitting on a cane chair, with a cigar in his mouth and a tall glass at his elbow, was a man from whom came a strong perfume of shaving soap. The man had plainly been recently shaved. His face looked very smooth.

"Hallo, Ross, old chap!" said this man.

"My God, it's Linton!" cried the surgeon.

"No one else," said Linton. "What is this about my poor wife? Don't tell me that it's serious."

"It's serious enough," said Ross. "But unless a change for the worse comes before morning there is no reason for alarm."

"Thank God!" said Linton. "What a fool I was to set about investigating that monkey language! I fancied that I had mastered a word or two, and I ventured into the jungle and got lost. I returned here an hour ago in a woful state of dilapidation. I'm getting better every minute. For God's sake let me know how my poor wife is now?"

"I'll get your report, Ross, to save your leaving the room," said Letts. The secretary took the surgeon into an empty apartment.

"He returned three-quarters of an hour ago," he said, in a low voice. "I never got such a shock as when I saw him; luckily I was at the door. He was practically naked, and, with his hair tangled over his head and his face one mass of bristles, he was to all intents and purposes a baboon. That nigger is at the bottom of it all. I followed him when he visited Mrs. Linton this morning, and I even brought myself to listen outside the door of the breakfast-room, where they had an interview. I overheard enough to convince me that the ruffian made Linton the victim of some of his hellish magic. I've been long enough on the west coast to know what some of the niggers can do in this way. I have questioned Linton adroitly, and he admitted to me that Koomadhi had put a certain stone carved like a human mouth into his hand, and had induced him to place it at his ear. That was the famous Sacred Mouth-stone that the Ashantees speak of in whispers."

"We'll talk more of this to-morrow," said Ross. "I don't believe much in negro magic; but—what is the meaning of that?"

A window was open in the room, and through it there came the sound of shooting, followed by appalling yells, then came another shot, and such a wild chorus of shrieking as far surpassed in volume the first series.

Letts ran to a cupboard and whipped out a revolver. He ran outside without a word. Ross followed him. He felt that wherever a revolver was going he should go also.

The two men ran in the moonlight towards Koomadhi's house, for the yells were still coming from that direction. When they got within sight of the house, Letts cried out in amazement. By the light of the full moon the strangest sight that he had ever seen was before his eyes. Koomadhi's house was invisible; but where it should have been there was a pyramid of jabbering apes. They were so thick upon the roof and the verandas as to conceal every portion of the building, and hundreds were on the pathway around the place. The noise they made was appalling.

Letts and the surgeon crouched behind a canebrake and watched that strange scene; but they had not been long in concealment before the creatures began trooping off to the jungle. Baboons, chimpanzees, and gorillas, more horrible than had ever been depicted, were rushing from the house yelling and gibbering with grotesque gestures beneath the light of the moon.

Before the last of the monstrous procession had disappeared, while the shrieks of the wild parrots were still filling the air, the two men had left their place of concealment and were hurrying towards the house. They had to struggle through an odor of monkeys that would have overpowered most men. A glance was sufficient to show them that the shutters of the room in which Koomadhi slept had been torn away. Letts sprang through the open window, and Ross heard his cry of horror before he followed him—before he saw the ghastly sight that the moonlight revealed. The body of Dr. Koomadhi lay torn and mangled upon the floor, his empty revolver still warm in his hand. Around him lay the carcasses of four enormous apes, with bullet-holes in their breasts.

"Ross," said Letts, "there is a stronger Power still than the devil even on the west coast of Africa."

"Women, I have often heard, have strange notions at times," said Major Linton, leaning over the deck-chair under the awning of the *Penguin*, where his wife was sitting, "but that fancy which you say you had before your attack beats the record. Still, I was greatly to blame. I'll never forgive myself. I had no business interesting myself in that simian jabber. If at any time I feel a craving in that direction, I'll get an order for the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons when a debate on an Irish question is going on. Poor Koomadhi! Letts declared that, as he lay among the dead apes, it was difficult to say whether he was an ape or a man."

THE END.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A CORRESPONDENT of the WEEKLY writes from Texas to say that what he calls "the Christian Science craze" has struck his town, and to ask for information about Christian Science and its workings. Perhaps he will be interested in these two stories, which happen to be the latest touching Christian Science, which have come to the knowledge of this department of the WEEKLY:

At a Washington dinner table last winter a lady let fall a rather contemptuous reference to Christian Science. The gentleman sitting next to her was a highly successful citizen of a big Western city, a man still young, but rich, and very well known through his own labors and exertions. He said to her, "When I speak of Christian Science I speak more respectfully than you do." And then he went on to tell her why. "You see my wife there," he said; "she doesn't look much like a blind woman, does she? A year or two ago she was fast going blind. I took her to New York, to London, to Paris, to Vienna. The doctors said they could not help her. She had been used to read and to sew. She had to give both up, and the prospect of total blindness seemed to be closing in on her. I had been very hard worked myself, and it had told on me. I got so that I could not sleep. I went daily to my office, but I had to be carried in. I travelled, but without much resulting benefit. I consulted the most competent doctors, but not much to my advantage. I had come to be in the desperate mood of a man who had tried everything, when it was suggested to me to have a go at Christian Science. Well, I did; and it cured me. I don't know how. I have never been able to understand the method, but I can lie down on the floor now at any time and go to sleep in ten minutes. Then my wife tried it. One day I came home and found her sewing. She had not used a needle before in two years. Now she sews and reads and uses her eyes as you and I do ours. They are cured."

That was one story. Here is another: In New York, two months ago, a man named Brown was introduced to a man named Smith, from the city of Buckeye, in Ohio. Brown said to Smith: "I went to school with a fellow from your town named Albert Weed. Do you know him?" "I do know him," said Smith, "and have always known him. He lives in Buckeye still, but is in bad odor there now. Some years ago he and his wife took up strenuously with Christian Science. They had children, and for a good while Christian Science agreed well with all the family. At length one of the children, a girl about ten years old, was taken sick, and complained of pain in her head. They had no physician, but treated her by Christian Science methods, assuring her that pain did not exist, and that she had no pain in her head or elsewhere. The child got worse, but their faith was strong. They did not yield to the belief in her illness, but kept her up and about, and even took her out to drive, though she moaned with pain, and her condition was so obvious that it distressed and enraged the neighbors. Pretty quickly she died. It turned out then that she had had an abscess somewhere in her head, which made any motion agonizing to her. Weed was arrested and tried for manslaughter, because of his neglect to give his child proper care. He was acquitted, but was expelled from the Buckeye Club, and has been cut ever since by all his old acquaintances at home."

These two stories seem fairly illustrative both of the strength and weakness of Christian Science. Its successes seem wonderful; its failures are sometimes profoundly dis-

(*Continued on page* 618.)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF

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The illustrations are by J. Gülich, G. Monthard, Abbey, Altson, L. Baumer, "R. A. B.," etc., etc.
Three full-page plates are included in the July number, A PHOTOGRAVURE, A COLORED PLATE, AND A PROCESS ENGRAVING.

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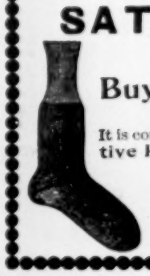

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(*Continued from page 617.*)

tressing. In a good many cases it seems to do neither harm nor good.

The suggestion so lavishly imparted in the advertising columns of the New York newspapers that department-store silver is apt to be inadequately silvern appears to have a good deal of serious proof behind it. The chief silversmiths of the country desire, it appears, to get rid of the department-store competition in the retail silver trade, and they have gone about it with an impressive amount of zeal. The department stores have thousands of patrons, but few friends. They have cheapened commodities to the buyer, but while they are practically popular, they are sentimentally unpopular. The feeling about them is that they are cormorants, ready to swallow up any man's business in the interest of the distention of their great maws. It is felt that they are an inevitable development of the times, but when their business methods get them into a scrape, the community at large may be expected to endure their embarrassments with cheerful equanimity. If any of them have sold base silver as sterling it is a public service to call them to account.

The Chicago *Record* traces an unkind analogy between the recent misfortune of Mr. Eugene Debs in overindulging in green cucumbers when he had an engagement at Woodstock jail and the strange conduct of Mr. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, after partaking too freely of buttered watermelon in the campaign of 1872. In Mr. Brown's case, the *Record* says, "his body exhibited a tendency to sit down in spite of the protests of his legs," and this symptom was accompanied by a singular inability to articulate words properly. Of course Mr. Brown's case and Mr. Debs's case may have had points in common, but the *Record* must realize how wide a difference there is between buttered watermelon and cucumbers.

There seems to be a possibility that Gail Hamilton will live to read her own obituaries. She has unfinished work on hand, and is not a woman to turn back easily after her hand has once been put to the plough. Will has a great deal to do in many cases with bringing people alive through desperate illnesses, and Miss Dodge has never shown any defect of will. If she has the determination to live, there is a great force at work in her favor.

It was remarked in a paragraph in this corner of the WEEKLY for June 15th that Frederick Locker-Lampson was born in 1821, "the same year as Praed." Thereby befell an error, for Praed was born in 1802, and had shown his bent pretty clearly in the *Etonian* before Locker saw the light.

In spite of the frequency of the allegation that the bicycle has superseded the horse, there seem to be just as many driving accidents this season as usual. It seems, indeed, as if there were rather more than usual, so that the possibility suggests itself that the horse gets somewhat less exercise than in former years, and is friskier in consequence. In considering the effect of the bicycle mania on the popularity of the horse, it is worth while to remember that not one person in ten who rides a bicycle now ever owned a horse, or was ever an important patron of livery-stables. To most bicyclists the bicycle is not a substitute for other means of locomotion, but is a clear gain, giving them a means of going where they will, whereas before they had practically no such means except their own legs and the street cars. People who can afford to keep horses for pleasure seem very generally to continue to keep and use them, though, to be sure, they have bicycles too, and their horses have rather more idle days than they used to have.

The University of North Carolina has made Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer an LL.D. It was proposed several years ago to do her this honor, but the trustees could not then agree to confer the university's most coveted distinction upon a woman. It is easier now. Indeed, it has become distinctly easier within even so short a time as ten years to give up to any woman in almost any State any honor or emolument which she has earned or happened to deserve. The Boston *Transcript* thinks there are women in Massachusetts who are fit to be LL.D.'s, and suggests Mrs. Julia Ward Howe as one of several proper persons to be so honored by Harvard.

We may see that done. The lily gets on pretty comfortably without paint, and Mrs. Howe has never suffered very obviously for lack of a Harvard degree, but if Harvard would determine that it would be interesting to see how a doctor would look in a bonnet, there is Mrs. Howe. However the honor become her, there is no question but that she would adorn the honor.

The architecture of Yale University is growing so magnificent that Yale graduates begin to fear that Yale manners will be affected by it, and that they will have to wear top-hats and frock-coats when they visit New Haven, and address one another as formally as though they were professors. The "march of improvement" (pseudonym for the junk dealer) threatens the historic Old Brick Row, and some of the alumni have gone into print with their wails of apprehension. One does not need to have intimate associations with the Old Brick Row to understand these graduates' feelings. One of the sad experiences in life is the recurring necessity of parting with old and responsible clothes that have grown to fit, and replacing them with new and untried garments. The buildings of a college are its clothes. It may look handsomer in new ones, but it looks more familiar in the old, and to the graduate who goes back to it it is not familiarity but the reverse that breeds contempt. Moreover, a rich college like Yale can always have new buildings, but it cannot buy back an old building after once it has gone. The six old red brick buildings that grace the yard at Harvard seem to be as sure of their place as any of the new ones. There is no talk of disturbing them. Fine new dormitories go outside the yard nowadays, seniority of construction being more honored than beauty or cost, or even the ability to pay rent.

There is another new invention besides the bicycle in the use of which woman has equal rights. For generations it has been a peculiar privilege of males to belong to social clubs. Of late years a good many clubs in cities have started ladies' restaurants, which have been of more or less use and convenience to the wives and sisters of members. But in these city clubs woman has been tolerated rather than welcomed, and the provision made for her has been partial and incomplete. It is different with the country clubs which have started up all over the country in the last decade. Whatever they have they offer as freely to ladies as to men. Many of them rely very largely on the patronage of women for their prosperity. A country club that ladies like usually succeeds, and one that depended for its support on men and horses would be very liable to languish. To see the aggregation of "muslin" on the piazza of a successful country club is a spectacle fit to rejoice the soul of the social philosopher. It makes the old club-man wonder where he is and what has happened to him, but if he grumbles it is either because he has always been used to grumble about something at the club, or else because he is a very crabbed individual, and fixed in habits that it is too late to change. If he feels that he must seclude himself there is usually a retreat provided for him, but as a matter of fact he seldom retires to it. Summer girls are charming pictures, and good to have about one. The club-man realizes that, and, besides, his watering-place training stands him in good stead. He has been used at the summer hotels and wherever the hot weather has found him to share his amusements with womankind, and when he once gets accustomed to the rules of the new game at his country club he finds that he likes it. A club that is half women is different, but the difference is very seasonable in summer.

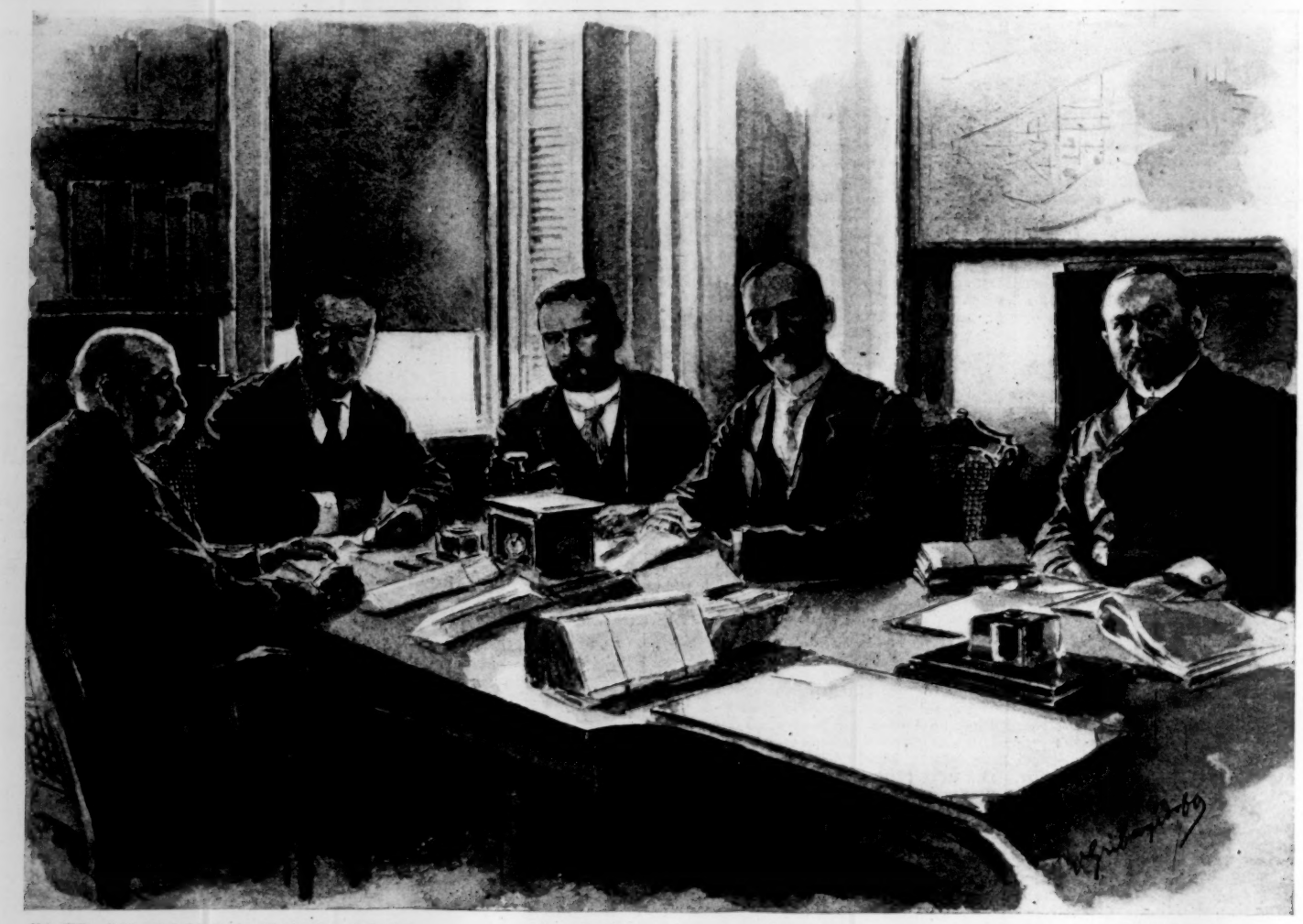
There was once a Cornell crew that went to Europe the members of which were not all fortunate in the impression they made as individual gentlemen. It is a pleasure to read the handsome things that are said of the Cornell crew that is now in England. Unless they are overpraised, which does not seem likely, they are a lot of young men to be proud of, both as representatives of American collegiate athletics and as students and gentlemen. Several of them have won distinction at Ithaca with their brains as well as with their muscles, and they seem very generally to be young men of character and of a high standard of conduct.

A new example of the enthusiasm of rich Americans for education appears in the gift of $500,000 by Provost Charles C. Harrison to the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Harrison's gift is for the establishment of a foundation in memory of his father, the late George L. Harrison, and is to be used for "The Encouragement of Liberal Studies and the Advancement of Knowledge." This seems to mean that the income of the fund is to be spent in the general work of the university.

This gift, made, as was Mr. Low's recent gift to Columbia, by a man actively engaged in the administration of the institution benefited, seems to suggest a growing tendency on the part of rich men in this country to find in the service of American colleges that opportunity for public work which it is so hard for them to get in politics. In England a public-spirited man of independent fortune can get into Parliament, and give his country the best he has. In this country the chance for an analogous career is harder to win, much more uncertain, and usually less satisfactory. Mr. Low, as Mayor of Brooklyn, was certainly a public servant of high usefulness, but to be Mayor of Brooklyn is hardly a career, whereas to be President of Columbia is a life-long labor that an able man may devote himself to with satisfaction.

It is good to see ambitious and able Americans of wealth so heartily interested in colleges. It makes it seem less likely than it did a year or two ago that our more active millionaires will be driven to live in Europe for lack of congenial occupation to make life worth while at home.

E. S. MARTIN.



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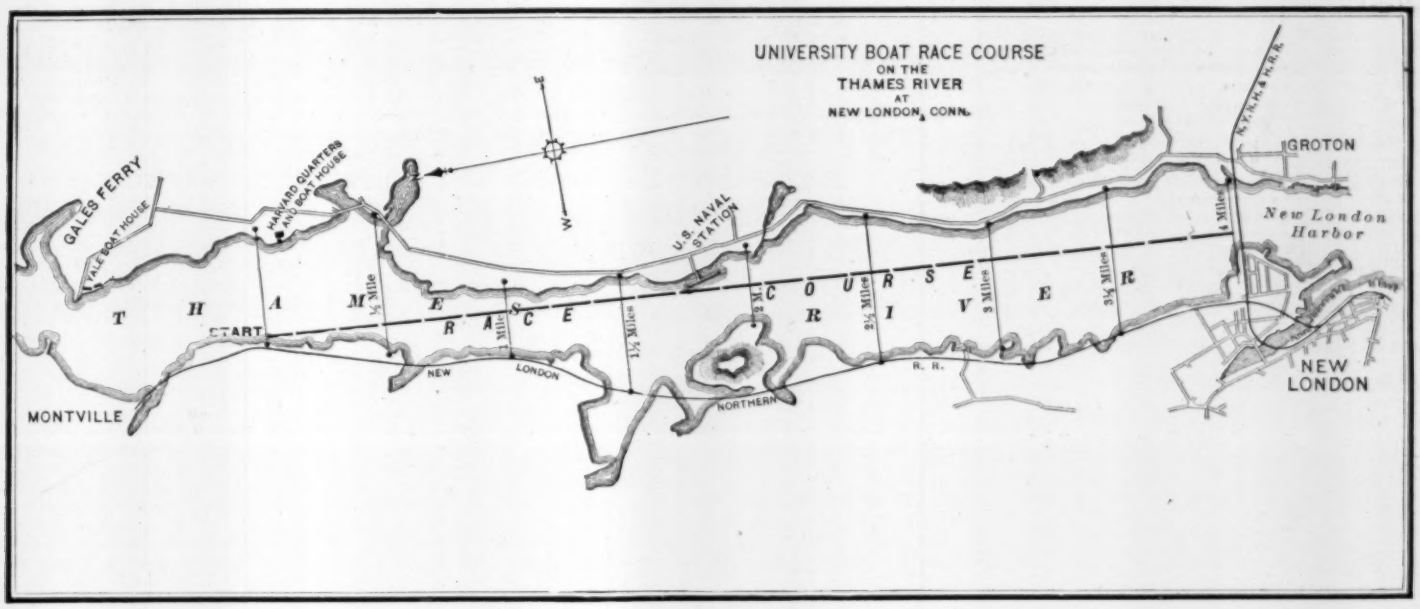
THE BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 601.]



AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Whitney has returned from his trip to the Barren Lands, and will resume charge of this department with the next issue of the WEEKLY.

IT IS A FAR-AWAY, INACCESSIBLE COUNTRY indeed that, in this restless, money-spending age in which we live, has escaped the wandering sportsman or the tourist. And yet the Northwest Territories of British America in general, and the Barren Lands in particular, are sufficiently remote and difficult of approach to remain marked on the maps for the most part as "unexplored." It is a resourceful country for the explorer, where he need but leave the watercourses to truthfully proclaim a right of discovery. There is no end of lakes for him to locate and name, while the maps are meagre and unreliable enough to make his work a boon to geographical societies.

Here is a country so vast that its ten thousand Indian inhabitants are lost in its about one million square miles; a country where there are no wagon roads, no trails, indeed, no horses; where the watercourses are the highways of travel, and the only means of locomotion snow-shoes and dog-sledges by winter and canoes by summer; a country so sterile that the natives live entirely by the chase, and where in its more northerly part the sun never sets for about six weeks in the summer and never rises for the same length of time in midwinter.

The Barren Lands—which extend from Great Bear Lake to Hudson Bay, and from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean—are the home of the musk-ox, the most inaccessible game in the world, and the caribou, which provides the Indian with meat and clothing. In the wooded districts is the last small band of American bison (larger than the plains species), bear, moose, lynx, wolverine, wolves, foxes, martens; and along the rivers beaver, mink, and otter.

It was not as explorer that I made my way into this country, but rather as sportsman and student of the Indians, their traditions, life, and *personnel*.

The difficulty of travel, the bitter cold and withering storms, the scarcity of food, and, in the Barren Lands, the absence of fuel, combined to make the venture a continuous and desperate struggle, even, at times, for life. The trip covered about 2500 miles—including some 1900 miles on snow-shoes (the longest continuous journey, I believe, ever made on snow-shoes—though I have no ambition to pose as a record-maker; if any one has done more, he is welcome to the glory, and need not fear further effort by me; I have had enough to last a lifetime), and 400 miles by canoe. It was the first winter trip ever made from railroad to arctic circle, the adventures of which, together with my observations of the Indians and musk-ox and bison hunting, will be exploited under the title of Snow-shoes, Dog-Sledges, and Big Game, beginning in the December issue of the MAGAZINE.

RETURNING FROM THE BARREN LANDS, where neither newspapers nor letters penetrate, I feel, after my six months' exile, like a sporting Rip Van Winkle. As with Rip, the scenes that spread before me in amateur sport are, many of them, advanced and pleasing—the development of new material in lawn-tennis, the growth of golf, the spread of pleasure bicycling, the activity of L.A.W. officials in dealing with the masquerading professional in racing cycling, the success of Western athletes at the Inter-collegiate championships, the Cornell crew at Henley, Columbia's activity in rowing, the birth of *The Bachelor of Arts*, the certainty of a race for the *America's* Cup, and the splendid showing of *Valkyrie III*.

But when I view the status of inter-collegiate sport as represented by our leading universities, the spectacle is bewildering and sadly disappointing. The times seem to have moved, indeed—backward, and for the worse—and university athletic relations appear to have retrograded half a dozen years. What has become of the good resolutions, the proclaimed determinations to reach a sound sportsmanly basis, and to stick to it, that I remember hearing so oft repeated by the graduate advisers and members of the athletic committees before I went away last December? I must rub my eyes vigorously to be convinced that we are not all back again in our teens, playing "one old cat," and squabbling like street urchins over a disputed game of "megs."

What a busy little teapot tempest is this which Harvard and Yale have raised between them! These leading universities of America, from whom we expect, but, unfortunately, in vain, examples of sportsmanship! I almost wish I might enjoy a genuine Rip Van Winkle slumber, and on the awakening perhaps I should find that at last our universities had sunk petty bickerings and puerile politics, and reached a proper understanding of sport for sport's sake. How much, to be sure, we have to learn from Oxford and Cambridge of the true sporting spirit before we can claim equality! How contemptuously they must regard our never-ending squabbles! The faculties ought to prohibit inter-collegiate baseball, football, etc., and set the undergraduates, together with many of the graduate advisers, to playing marbles and spinning tops on the home playground.

These are merely the reveries of a sorrowful, disappointed—Rip Van Winklian, if you like—sportsman. It is too late to criticise specifically. The mischief is done, and time only will work out the salvation. I can now only congratulate Yale in having at least two graduated advisers, in George Adee and Walter Camp (there may be others; if so, they have not revealed themselves), who were not in sympathy with the sending of that absurdly school-boyish letter to Cambridge in reply to Harvard's request for '95 football date, and add, it is a pity that two great universities should break the custom of a century's standing, simply because of two or three hot-headed old men and a few very young men. It is too bad *alumni* and sportsmen generally must suffer because of the whims of these.

It is not too late, however, to say just a word (for I am an intruder this week, and have already taken too much space) on Harvard's reported position *in re* the Oxford-Cambridge challenge to Harvard-Yale for a track and field athletic contest. If Harvard declines, it will be the gravest of the year's athletic errors. The position taken is forced and fanciful, the arguments not even fallacious—they are silly. There is no slight implied to Pennsylvania, and neither Oxford nor Cambridge ever dreamed of such being fancied. Had offence been offered, it would be the I.C.A.A.'s and not Pennsylvania's place to become ruffled. Certainly Harvard is straying far from home in taking it up. Oxford and Cambridge care nothing for an All-English *vs.* an All-American athletic battle; if they had, they would have accepted the I.C.A.A. challenge, and gone into Ireland and Scotland for some very clever performers. They are not after the *championship* (to perdition with that word! it is constantly before the eyes of our college men, to the everlasting warping of their sportsmanship) of the world. They want a contest between the oldest two universities of England and of the United States. The fact that Harvard was third this year at the I.C.A.A. championships has no bearing whatever on the situation. Harvard and Yale are not expected to "represent America"—not even the I.C.A.A. could do that entirely—it is simply Oxford-Cambridge *vs.* Harvard-Yale, that in number of students are about on even terms. It is to be hoped Harvard's reported position is misrepresented—or that more convincing arguments will be forth-coming—else the Englishmen will think us "new" in sport sure enough.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE FINAL RACE BETWEEN Harvard and Yale in the ten-year agreement signed in the winter of 1884–5 will be rowed on Friday, the 28th, and then if other races are to be rowed they will have to be the subject of other conferences and other agreements. It is too early yet to speak in any authoritative manner as to what may be done on this score in view of the present trouble between the two universities; but now that the question brought up by the letter from Yale in reference to football has been settled in about the only way it could be settled for the time, there is no reason why, in the course of the coming year, representatives of the two universities should not meet to discuss the feasibility of new arrangements. For the moment rowing is the question. Cornell is practically bound to Pennsylvania and Columbia for another triangular race on the Hudson in '96, such as the one rowed this week. Harvard and Cornell will row a dual race next spring. It is probable that Cornell may receive a challenge from Yale for a '96 race, especially if the Henley crew wins, and it will be then a matter for the Cornell management to decide whether her crew can stand three races in one month. A triangular race between Cornell, Harvard, and Yale is probably out of the question for several reasons, but—and this is seriously a thing to be considered—it is not an impossible thing to suppose that Harvard and Yale may row a race as heretofore. In the natural course of such matters a challenge for the last should come from Yale; and if, after careful consideration of what has gone before, the Yale graduates influential in rowing matters could bring the challenge about, it would not only redound distinctly to Yale's credit, but would probably be accepted by Harvard, especially if a football game is played next fall. It could hardly be expected that such a challenge should originate at Cambridge. There is one thing which might make this challenge impossible, and that is a challenge and acceptance between Yale and Oxford. This international race is one of Mr. Cook's long-desired objects, and should his crew on Friday prove victorious, there is a possibility of the Yale men going abroad next year.' A foreign trip next year would no doubt interfere with a Harvard-Yale race, but if it occurred late enough in the summer, both could take place. Cornell rows next year at Poughkeepsie. Will the Harvard-Cornell race take place there? And if so, could there be a Harvard-Yale race there also?

FOR THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, THIS race of Friday is the important one, and as time has advanced in the last two weeks the prospects of a good contest have been constantly increasing. It is difficult for any one who has not been closely connected with the Harvard crew to realize what almost insurmountable difficulties Mr. Watson has been obliged to overcome. Nevertheless, in spite of sickness and the change of men and captains, Mr. Watson has turned out a crew that is far better than last year's Harvard crew, and one which, whatever the result, will be a credit to Harvard. The men, up to this writing, are as they have been rowing for the past three weeks, with the exception of No. 3, Chapman, who on Thursday, the 13th, was taken out of the boat to make room for Lewis, the man who filled that place in last year's crew. The crew will therefore be, on Friday: Wrightington, bow; Stillman, 2; Lewis, 3; Shepard, 4; Hollister, 5; Watriss, 6; Fennessy, 7; and Bullard, captain, stroke. Of these, Wrightington is a new man. He rows with all his mind and body and muscle, just as he plays football, putting his whole soul into every stroke. He is quick enough on the recover, and gets his strength in at the right time, but his back goes back too far on the finish of the stroke, and his body too far forward on the full reach, and there is a question whether he can go through a hard four miles on such an overdone stroke. Besides this, Wrightington would be a good oar if he felt a little more at home in a 'varsity boat; but he is a comparatively new man, and all the ease combined with strength which Fennessy, for example, puts into his work, is by no means evident in him. Two, Stillman, is a vigorous oar, and has shown considerable improvement during the last week. He and bow are well together. He is quicker on the recover and in shooting his hands out than any of the other men in the boat except Fennessy. Lewis was put in at three two weeks ago, and has fallen easily into the boat for so late a comer. He is not really a new man in any sense, nor is it a change in the make-up of the crew to put him in definitely at so late a moment, for three is his old position, and he has been rowing there from time to time throughout the year. He is a little behind the boat on the catch, and he has not the facility of getting his hands out quickly in the recover. Four is the slowest with his hands, and even goes so far as to allow his body to come up before his hands and arms are out again. This makes a break in the boat that is perceptible to a close observer, but otherwise four gets an extraordinary weight of power into his stroke, and does much to send her ahead. Shepard is a tall muscular man, and is eminently suited for a place in the waist of the boat. In fact, Mr. Watson has shown good judgment with his material in fitting the men to the most appropriate positions. Hollister, at five, begins the stern four, and is a good oar in every way. He is a heavy man, but works quickly, and keeps well with Watriss in front of him. He is remarkably quick with his hands, but his chief fault is coming down too quickly with his slide on the full reach. Watriss, at six, is a quick, sharp oarsman, who, if anything, goes too far and makes his motions too suddenly; but he makes up for this in the force he puts into his stroke at the right time. Without question Fennessy is the finest oar in either crew, and if Harvard had seven other such men she would be first easily. Fennessy goes through the stroke so smoothly and evenly that one thinks at first he is not getting in any power; but that is an error; and the power, on the contrary, which he does exert to send the boat ahead is all the more effective since it is brought to bear on the water at the right moment, and the man himself is not exhausted, because his stroke is so clean and smooth that he is not at any time straining his muscles except in the proper direction and at the proper time. Fennessy is, in-

deed, in every way a remarkable oarsman. He takes to it naturally, and naturally falls into the correct methods without any tendency to commit errors or cultivate bad habits. He is a strong seven, and is decidedly the best man in the boat. Bullard, at stroke, has had a difficult position to fill. He was put in as captain over Fennessy early in the season much against his own inclination, and it made the whole question of rowing a hard one for him. He has kept the position remarkably well, however, and the sentiment and fellowship in the crew are extremely good, both as regards their captain and one another. There has seldom been a crew from Cambridge where the *esprit de corps* has been as thoroughly strong and healthy as in this eight. Perhaps it is due to the captain; perhaps to the fact that they have been through so much trouble and uncertainty together; probably it is because of both. At all events, the boat is without any hitches in it anywhere, and there seems to be a general determination to have a wholesome good feeling among the men, and between the men and their coach. Bullard has made himself into a good stroke, and his shortness is more than made up for in his remarkably long reach, which is quite as great as if not greater than that of Watriss, the tallest man in the crew.

AS A WHOLE, the Harvard crew is made up of a fine set of men, quite capable of rowing a close race if Mr. Watson could have had them throughout the season to train and teach as he liked. The long time when the men were not rowing at all during May had its effect, however, and it shows itself in the general finish of the crew and small individual faults, which might be corrected by time, but would require time, and more time than is at his disposal. Harvard, however, has at last taken the proper step in regard to rowing matters, and whatever the result of the race, the future will without question show that the correct course was adopted when the crew was given into the charge of one man for a period of years. Watson has followed rowing for many years. He understands it thoroughly, and he is as thoroughly interested in Harvard's success. He is old enough to see the absurdity of some of the strange traditions of New London, such as the secrecy and spy-glass methods, all of which has accomplished so little and been so constantly practised in past years. He has had a long experience, which prevents him from committing errors that one coach or another has fallen into year after year at Cambridge, and finally he has won the respect of his men, and made them believe that he does not coach for the sake of coaching, but only when some actual point is to be corrected. While, therefore, Harvard stands little chance of carrying off the race this year, the first one of Watson's three, he is sure to turn out better crews next year and the year after; and if this policy is followed, and Harvard men unite in supporting him through thick and thin, and him alone, it is morally certain that Harvard will win her share of the races against Yale, which we for one fervently trust may be continued without break after this lamentable misunderstanding has blown over.

THE 1895 YALE CREW is going to the starting-post the heaviest crew that ever represented the blue at New London, and probably as heavy a crew as ever sat in a boat. Last year Yale had practically this same crew, which rowed in fair form throughout the season, and it was known throughout the rowing world as a "heavy-weight crew," while Harvard had an eight that was made up of much lighter men. Experts stated that the material was much better than Yale's, although the men averaged nearly twelve pounds lighter, but the trouble was that they knew little or nothing about rowing, and their form was atrocious, yet somehow or other their boat seemed to travel very fast. The question was, could Yale, with her weight, irrespective of her good form, defeat Harvard with less weight, abundance of strength, and no form? The result was a decisive victory for Yale, although the Yale crew toward the end of the season was a great disappointment, and it was evident that something had gone wrong with them, giving the impression that if Harvard had had any kind of a representative crew, Yale would have been defeated. This year's Yale crew is just as heavy as last year's; in fact, they are heavier, and yet everybody at Yale quarters seems perfectly contented and cheerful over it. The Yale crew this year is an entirely different one from last year, although the men are the same. Johnson clipped the stroke last year and made it exceedingly difficult for them to follow him. The men were conscious that something was wrong, and those that knew had a feeling that they might go to pieces if a heavy drive came.

THIS YEAR ARMSTRONG STARTED his men all over again, and in the early part of the season they were put back to the first principles of rowing, which with some men would not have been possible, but the present crew was so constituted that Armstrong had no difficulty in doing it, as he understands them perfectly, six of his men having been together for three years. They rowed in their Freshman boat, and in the following year were taken in a body and put in the 'varsity eight. The perfection reached by this year's crew is a progression. They have eliminated all the bad from last year's work and kept the good; to this they have added this year's work, and as a result row as well as they did last year, and a great deal better. Armstrong knows perfectly well that the crew is tremendously heavy, and he also knows what public opinion says of the make-up of such a crew. Men having an average weight of 178 pounds ought to worry a captain, but Armstrong knows that the weight is perfectly distributed, and most of it is bone and sinew, and the men do know how to row. Let croakers say what they please, Yale to-day has one of the best rowing eights that ever represented her, heavy or light.

SINCE ARRIVING AT NEW LONDON they have improved wonderfully; they pleased the coaches while they were in New Haven, but they have more than satisfied them by their work in New London. Their greatest fault throughout the season has been their blade-work, but Cook has been steadily coaching them on that one point for the last three weeks, and they have now largely overcome this weakness, the men seeming to have no end of stamina, and taking a great deal of work without apparently feeling it. Of course, at the present time, a great deal of work is necessary in order to reduce weight. The one obstacle was Langford, the Freshman stroke; on account of his greenness there was some anxiety as to how he would stand the strain, but he does not seem to suffer under it. On June 14th they rowed over the four-mile course twice, but this did not seem to tire them or dampen their ardor. The tremendous drive they get into their stroke is more and more noticeable every day, and it is so marked that even an inexperienced man would notice it. It gives the shell that steady motion without any stop between the strokes; for the last two years the jerky, uneven movement of the boat has been Harvard's most noticeable fault, and one could actually see the boat, as it were, jerked along a yard or two, and then apparently stop between strokes, almost going back. Coach Watson has largely eradicated this. Nevertheless, when you look at Yale's drive on one side of the river and see their shell travel, and then turn and look at Harvard's on the opposite side, the weakness of their stroke shows plainly. Yale does not row a higher stroke than 32 to the minute, and occasionally they drop even lower than this, and then again they row up to 34, and even 36, but they do it apparently without the slightest trouble. Such a performance is a marked evidence of the perfect control they have of their boat, and of their general good form; for any crew that can raise and lower their stroke at will and keep their form throughout know a good deal about rowing.

Dater, at No. 5, is still apt to cock his oar at the catch; but this is a very trifling fault, and is easily corrected. What is more serious is his faulty body swing, of which he does not seem to get the same amount as the rest. Longacre and Holcombe also have this fault, to a less degree, which is a relic of last year, and they also keep their oars too high out of the water. Cross is doing remarkably well, although there has been a great deal of criticism concerning his weight. It is true that he has grown rapidly, and is a kind of man that makes weight easily, nevertheless he is to-day as good an oar as there is in the boat. He is quick, and has a natural aptitude for rowing, but that this will be his last year in the boat, in spite of his having another year in college, is undoubtedly true, for the reason that when he leaves off training he will take on weight which it will be impossible for him to get off next year; but to-day he is in good form, and of course he has to move fast occasionally to keep in touch with the rest, but that is to be expected, and on the day of the race he will give a good account of himself. The rest of the men are rowing in good form, and have largely overcome the glaring faults which were so evident in the early part of the season.

Clark, the new cockswain, has been worrying Bob Cook more than any single member of the crew. Clark does not seem to grasp the situation thoroughly, and uses little judgment in steering, especially when the tide is running swiftly or when in the neighborhood of swells.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES for each crew, then? They can be summed up in a few words. Yale has the same crew as last year, and the men are rowing better than they did then. Harvard has a far better crew than last year, in spite of all the troubles of May and the winter. The race, therefore, is sure to be a better one than last year, but the result will probably go to Yale, if for no other reason than for this one: The Harvard boat jumps well with the stroke, but on the recover, partly because the men's hands do not shoot out ahead of their bodies, and partly because they "rush their slides," the boat is checked between strokes. It does not seem to be the fault with the stroke. It is the fault with the men in that they have not been able to get the Watson stroke completely in the time they have had. Yale's boat, on the other hand, glides along between strokes and during strokes alike, and that makes the difference of the race when it is continued for four miles.

IT IS ALWAYS A DIFFICULT THING in such an event as a college boat-race to tell where the line is between natural courtesy among amateur sportsmen and the technical demand of racing rules. The unsuccessful attempt at a race at Poughkeepsie on Friday was one of the occasions when this line had to be clearly marked, and where it is difficult to say which was the most sportsmanlike course. The race was scheduled for about five o'clock in the afternoon. At that time a light rain was falling, although it had practically stopped by the time the race would naturally have been rowed. The rain had flattened the water so that it was almost in ideal condition for the triangular race, and the police duty along the course promised to prove very effective. This matter was arranged in a manner which would only be possible on a wide river, but which on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie was not only simple, but sufficient to keep the course entirely clear. Police boats were anchored just outside (that is, eastward) of the course of the easternmost boat of the three, with large signs notifying all boatmen to keep to the east of the river. As a result the water was in magnificent condition along the course, and was only disturbed by the occasional swell from some steamer which either escaped the vigilance of the revenue-cutters and committee gentlemen who had charge of the race, or one of the boats belonging to the management. This was the condition at a little before five, when the crews were on the point of starting out for the course. The Pennsylvania men, whose boat-house is a short distance above the Poughkeepsie Bridge on the west shore, and who were therefore nearer the observation boats than the other two crews, had just brought their boat out of the house, placed her in the water alongside the float, and had left two men to hold her while the other six went for their oars, when a tug carrying Governor Morton and his guests either got out of position or started to move from her position, and sent that heavy trio of waves which it is impossible to prevent in smooth water up against the shell, forcing her once or twice heavily against the float, in spite of the efforts of the two men who held her. The result was, that while the frame of the shell was not in any way injured, she received three or four punctures, and as the Pennsylvania men had no other shell they could possibly row in, the matter was at once brought to the attention of Referee W. A. Brooks.

MR. BROOKS, TOGETHER WITH the judges, left the referee's boat at once and went to examine the shell. It was decided that the boat could be mended by Waters inside of twenty-four hours. It then became the question whether the race should be postponed, or whether it should be rowed without Pennsylvania. Speaking technically, there is no question that Pennsylvania was out of the race, and the race itself should have been rowed between Cornell and Columbia. Realizing this, the referee at once said that, so far as he was concerned, the race should be rowed, but that it was a matter for the judges and the crew managements to decide whether they wished to postpone the race out of courtesy to Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania, on her side, at once resigned her place, and agreed that the accident, though unfortunate, was their own fault; that had they broken an oar or had any other such accident occurred after the twentieth stroke, there would have been no question about their forfeiting, and that this was precisely the same kind of an accident. It then appeared that the Cornell and Columbia judges and crew captains must decide whether they would have the race or postpone it, and in reality these were the proper persons to decide the matter. The representatives of both colleges decided that out of courtesy to Pennsylvania they would not row a final race that day. Cornell then proposed that she and Columbia row then and there a race, the winner to row Pennsylvania at some later date this season. This Mr. Richards, of Columbia, declined to do, since it virtually made a series of trial heats which might possibly fail to decide the actual winner in any event, and which would be especially unsatisfactory because it would prevent one of the two crews from meeting Pennsylvania, thereby failing to decide the relative merits of itself and Pennsylvania—that is, if Columbia were defeated by Cornell, she would have no opportunity of deciding whether she could defeat Pennsylvania, and this would be especially unsatisfactory if Pennsylvania then happened to defeat Cornell. The result was that the judges finally decided to postpone the race until Monday.

WE GO TO PRESS TOO EARLY to discuss the result of the Monday race. A word should, however, be said as to the fiasco of Friday. As a sporting event, this race should have been rowed, judging it on its merits and aside from the question of the spectators. It is a very dangerous thing to postpone a race; for men in such condition as these oarsmen are, worked up to the pitch of excitement, may be seriously injured by sitting in their boat and then returning to their quarters with the nervous reaction strong on them which naturally results from such a change of plan. The Columbia crew were in their shell for a good hour on Friday in the rain, and the Cornell men were in their launch for the same length of time. It was, of course, most unfortunate that the Pennsylvania boat was injured, but, speaking technically, there is no question that the race should have been rowed. Amateur college events are, however, not always to be governed by the rules of professional racing, and it is therefore to the credit of Cornell and Columbia, and an action of the utmost courtesy for them to have been willing to postpone the race. In a certain way, therefore, we cannot blame the men for delaying the race, while, on the other hand, we have no hesitation in saying that it should have been rowed. The most satisfactory thing connected with Friday's failure—in fact, the only satisfactory thing—was that it was conclusively proved that the Hudson at Poughkeepsie is not only a suitable place for a boat-race, so far as water is concerned, and so far as accommodations are to be considered, but that the course itself can be marked off from the rest of the river and police duty done so that there need be no danger of the boats being swamped during the race. The accident itself to the Pennsylvania boat was caused, not by the wash from a steamer regularly plying the Hudson, but through the gross carelessness of the captain of Governor Morton's tug—that is, a boat carrying spectators of the race—and this might have occurred at New London or anywhere else.

This particular accident, therefore, must not be taken as a sign that the Hudson River course is not a suitable one. It is, however, unfortunate that such a botch should have been made of the whole matter on Friday; for while there is really no reason in the argument that this failure to get a race is caused by the situation of the course, there is still the impression left on the public mind that the first "modern" boat-race on the Hudson did not take place as scheduled from some fault of the water or the course.

THE YALE FRESHMEN ARRIVED in New London on June 15th, and at first their work was exceedingly poor, but Dr. Percy Bolton and Bob Cook have taken them in hand, and they have improved greatly. Cook has been trying to instil in them some of the drive that the 'varsity eight have, and they are rapidly developing into a very speedy crew.

The Harvard Freshmen are rowing in bad form, throwing up water in most absurd shape, and finding difficulty in getting together. Yet there seems to be a good deal of speed in their boat, and she certainly does not stop between strokes as the 'varsity boat does. Cabot has been moved recently to stroke. He is a green man at rowing in position, but much newer at stroke than anywhere else. As a result, he is not at ease there yet, but he has spirit of the best kind, and a certain athletic facility which makes him an easy and a quick learner in rowing as in football. If the Harvard Freshmen win it will be on the strength and vigor of the men and not on their form, for the latter is pretty bad. The Columbia Freshmen will now be delayed still longer than they expected in getting to New London, since they have one man in the Columbia 'Varsity boat who must row on Monday. Possibly the Freshman race will be postponed a day.

IT SEEMS THAT MR. CRUM, of the Iowa State University, has finally been exonerated from all charges of professionalism. He is in good standing as a student at his college, and has proved to the satisfaction of the committee that he was eminently suited to enter the inter collegiate lists. This must be a source of satisfaction to every one, for Crum did some of the prettiest sprinting at the inter-collegiate meeting on May 25th that has ever been seen on Berkeley Oval. With proper training and an acquired ability to get a good start in the hundred, Crum can do it under ten seconds, and a record under ten would look well on the collegiate lists. Indeed, news comes to us from Chicago that he has just done the hundred in 9⅘ seconds, but until the time has been carefully vouched for to our satisfaction it is impossible to say whether Crum has actually made it or not. At all events, the man is a most promising athlete, and there is little doubt that he will make the "under ten" record in time, if he has not already done so.

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